

# The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Editorial and Executive Office: 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois

An Independent Christian Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Modernism, Worldliness and Formalism.

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United States 1 year \$2.50; 3 years \$5.00  
Canada and foreign 1 year \$3.00; 3 years \$6.50

## \$1,600 for Ten Sermons in Evangelistic Sermon Contest

Sword Offers Cash Awards of From \$300 to \$100 for Best Sermons Addressed to the Unsaved, Due Before July 1

By Editor John R. Rice

It is our constant prayer that we may publish in THE SWORD OF THE LORD the greatest gospel sermons ever written. We believe that we do publish more good evangelistic sermons than any other Christian magazine in the world. But we want to improve the quality of THE SWORD OF THE LORD continually. We want to publish each week at least one sermon addressed to the unsaved by one of the greatest preachers in the world. So we here announce the 1956 Annual Sword Evangelistic Sermon Contest.

WHAT IS OUR PURPOSE? Some will doubt, at first, the wisdom of cash awards for prize-winning sermons. But a little consideration will show that there are good, scriptural reasons for such a sermon contest.

1. The Bible plainly says that "The labourer is worthy of his reward" (I Tim. 5:18). So the earnest labor and prayer and study which it takes to write out a Bible sermon in the power of God ought to be rewarded.

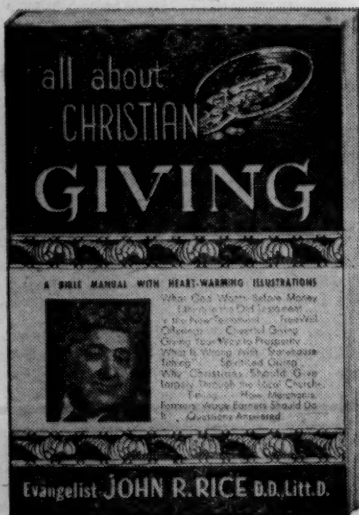
Again the Scripture says, "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel" (I Cor. 9:14). If a man should spend all his time writing blessed sermons and articles used of God to win souls, it would be perfectly proper for the man to be paid enough for his writings that he should live by them.

Again, in I Timothy 5:17 we

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are commanded, "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." That Scripture says that some preachers ought to be re-

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A heart-moving Sermon by Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, who died 1899, on,

## Christ's Boundless Compassion

"And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick."—Matt. 14:14.



D. L. Moody

## A FAMOUS CHRISTIAN NOVEL --- READ IT EVERY WEEK!

A moving story of the coming of the Gospel to the foothills of the Rockies in Western Canada in pioneer days of the 1880's. How miners and lumbermen found Christ; how Christians fought and won over wide-open liquor and gambling in those lawless days. Adventure, love, and salvation!



Unconverted Ralph Connor, an artist, is led by his friend, Leslie Graeme, lumbering boss, to spend Christmas with him in the lumbering and mining camp. He meets the preacher, young Mr. Craig, and despite himself, is drawn to the desperately serious young man. Connor is inveigled into doing a Punch-and-Judy show to help keep the miners and lumbermen from the saloon and gambling hall on Christmas Day.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE BLACK ROCK CHRISTMAS

Many strange Christmas Days have I seen, but that wild Black Rock Christmas stands out strangest of all. While I was reveling in my delicious second morning sleep, just awake enough to enjoy it, Mr. Craig came abruptly, announcing breakfast and adding:

"Hope you are in good shape, for we have our work before us this day."

"Hello!" I replied, still half asleep and anxious to hide from the minister that I was trying to gain a few more moments of snoozing delight, "what's abroad?"

"The devil," he answered shortly, and with such emphasis that I sat bolt upright, looking anxiously about.

"Oh! no need for alarm. He's not after you particularly—at least not today," said Craig, with a shadow of a smile. "But he is going about in good style, I can tell you."

By this time I was quite awake.

"Well, what particular style does his majesty affect this morning?"

He pulled out a show-bill.

"Peculiarly gaudy and effective, is it not?"

The items announced were sufficiently attractive. The 'Frisco Opera Company were to produce the "screaming farce," "The Gay and Giddy Dude;" after which there was to be a "Grand Ball," during which the "Kalifornia Female Kickers" were to do some fancy figures; the whole to be followed by a "big supper" with "two free drinks to every man and one to the lady," and all for the insignificant sum of two dollars.

"Can't you go one better?" I said.

He looked inquiringly and a little disgustedly at me.

"What can you do against free drinks and a dance, not to speak of the 'High Kickers'?" he groaned. "No!" he continued; "it's a clean beat for us today. The miners and lumbermen will have in their pockets ten thousand dollars and every dollar burning a hole; and Slavin and his gang will get most of it. But," he added, "you must have breakfast. You'll find a tub in the kitchen; don't be afraid to splash. It is the best I have to offer you."

The tub sounded inviting, and before many minutes had passed I was in a delightful glow, the effect of cold water and a rough towel, and that consciousness of virtue that comes to a man who has had courage to face his cold bath on a winter morning.

The breakfast was laid with fine taste. A diminutive pine tree,

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It is often recorded in Scripture that Jesus was moved by compassion. We are told in this verse that after the disciples of John had come to Him and told Him that their master had been beheaded, that he had been put to a cruel death, He went out into a desert place, and the multitude followed Him, and that when He saw the multitude He had "compassion" on them, and healed their sick.

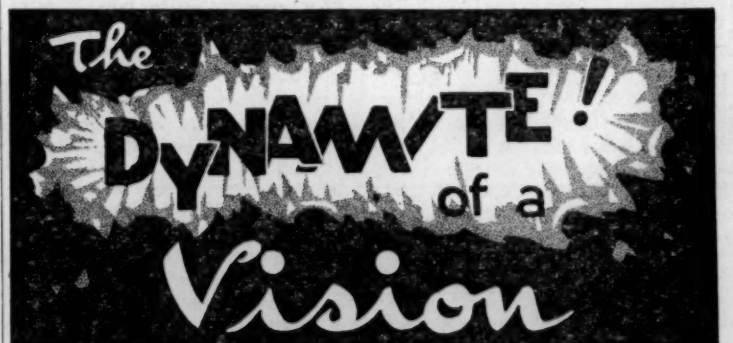
If He were here to-night in person, standing in my place, His heart would be moved as He looked down into your faces, because He could also look into your hearts and could read the burdens and troubles and sorrows you have to bear. They are hidden from my eye, but He knows all about them. When the multitude gathered round about Him, He knew how many weary, broken and aching hearts there were there. And He is here to-night, although we can-

not see Him with the bodily eye; and there is not a sorrow, or trouble, or affliction which any of you are enduring but He knows all about it; and He is the same to-night as He was when here upon earth—the same Jesus, the same Man of compassion.

When He saw that multitude He had compassion on them, and healed their sick. I hope He will heal a great many sin-sick souls here, and will bind up a great many broken hearts. There is no heart so bruised and broken but the Son of God will have compassion upon you, if you will let Him. "He will not break a bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax." He came into the world to bring mercy, and joy, and compassion and love.

If I were an artist I should like to draw some pictures to-night and put before you that great multitude on which He had

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By Dr. Lee Roberson

Pastor Highland Park Baptist Church  
President Tennessee Temple Schools, Chattanooga, Tennessee

"Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he."—Prov. 29:18.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts 16:9.

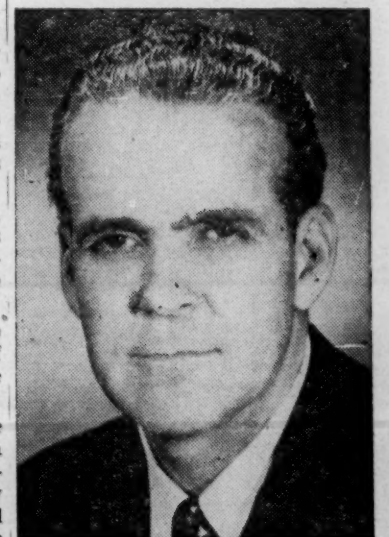
What is a vision? It is seeing the unseen. Young Joseph had visions, and believed in them. The Lord revealed many things unto him by dreams. His brethren called him "the dreamer," but let us remember that the only youth that ever amounts to anything is the youth who dreams.

Nehemiah, in far-off Babylon, had a vision. Though many miles away, he saw the ruins of Jerusalem and he had a vision of the restored city.

Daniel had visions of things to come. He saw the fulfillment of some of his dreams. Others are yet to be fulfilled.

There is power, yes, dynamite in a vision. The man without a vision is the man who is circumscribed in his sight. He sees only that which is immediately around him. He does not see the future

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Dr. Lee Roberson



## GRACE NOTES

By Grace Rice MacMullen

### A SONG

It is a little thing—a song;  
And yet it brings the warmth of  
May,  
And helps to make a faint heart  
strong,  
And gives a joy to each new day.

It is a little thing—a song;  
A lullaby to soothe the young;  
A cheerful hum when tasks are  
long;  
A hymn of hope when hearts are  
wrung.

It is a little thing—a song;  
Yet Heaven would be a lonely  
place,  
Despite the vastness of its throng,  
Without a choir to praise God's  
grace.

—Dorothy R. Larson

### "What Is Good Church Music?"

A definition of good church music I read recently is this: "Good church music produces the greatest spiritual results. Its final test is the salvation of the lost, the edification of the redeemed, and the worship of God."

Don't you think that's a good definition? I do! It leaves out all the qualifications each of us might put in according to our own tastes and learning, and puts the burden for *doing something* on church music. That something—spiritual results—is the most important goal of all Christian activities—singing, playing, preaching, even eating—glorifying of God by winning the lost to Christ.

Most of us have a pretty good set of standards as to what constitutes good church music. Our own standards are limited to what we know (and none of us knows *all* the good church music there is!) and to what we prefer. We should widen our knowledge by learning to appreciate any music that is effective.

Evangelist E. J. Daniels touched on this in the February issue of "Christ for the World Messenger," relating an experience he had in these words:

"The other day I sat in church . . . A lady 'rendered a solo,' or to me, she displayed her voice. The only word she sang was 'Alleluia,' with various inflections of the voice. The dictionary says that the meaning of the word is to 'denote pious joy and exultation.'"

"As I sat there hearing only what seemed to be the display of a voice, with no real message, I was critical 'inside,' and felt that it was a waste of precious time in a service. But as I looked at her, I saw in the choir the profile of a lady. She had her eyes fixed on the singer. I could tell from the side view that she was re-

sponding with great emotion to the solo. When the singer finished I saw the appreciative listener take out her hanky and wipe away the tears. This set me to thinking.

"Here I was bored and critical and there was a lady thrilled and blessed by the same solo. The moral is clear. All do not worship alike. Some music will bore one and bless another. Some sermons will feed one and irritate another.

"I have friends who are very critical of certain types of music—the kind you could almost dance by because of its jazzy swing. Then I have heard those who love this type tell how bored they become with 'hifalutin' anthems in the church. Which goes to prove what I learned that Sunday in church. We don't have the same taste, same appreciation, same level of understanding. Maybe it was my lack of musical culture that kept me from enjoying the lady's display of voice . . . I guess I need the words . . . to make me appreciate a solo.

"I still think that singing should be intelligent and carry a message. You see—there I go again—forgetting that someone was blessed by that which bored me!"

I'm sure I can hear handclapping in the distance—from both sides of the fence! So has it ever been and will be, I suppose. Back in the early days of church music, some harmonies were banned as having a "secular" sound—the simple seventh chord used in every song today.

The only solution to this problem for the conscientious church musician is to apply the criterion we started out with—if it produces spiritual results it is good music. If it doesn't, it has no place in a service.

That leaves us all with the problem of deciding just what will bless and help. It is no easy problem, since every congregation is made up of people with varying degrees of spiritual maturity, musical understanding, and each with his own particular set of standards as to what is proper in church music. But with this yardstick of usefulness, it is some easier.

What kind of songs bless? Songs that people can participate in! In the service Mr. Daniels describes, the music was a blessing to one lady because she could participate in it. "Alleluia" meant something to her—and the beautiful music meant something to her, and as she heard them she wept to think about the wonder of God, His power and might, and perhaps too in the realization such a great God cares for us. But if the majority of the audience could not participate, any more than this good preacher could participate, then she could better have used something that would have reached more people. It could have been done with this very song, if there had been a simple introduction about the meaning of the word "Alleluia," the fact that it was praise to God, and that when it comes to talking to God there are some things we just can't express in simple, everyday words. To Mozart, in writing this beauti-

## Everybody's Doing It!



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ful "Alleluia," the music was a means of saying something to God—or about God—that he couldn't express in words.

In Bach's "B Minor Mass" (which Protestants should not avoid because of the name: it is simply a setting of words from the Bible, used in the Mass, but not Roman Catholic in meaning) there is a beautiful chorus called the Crucifixus. The words are in Latin, and in them that word is repeated over and over again. I'm sure Mr. Daniels and many of you reading this would either go to sleep or want to walk out if it were sung in church. Yet to me and to many others it is a deeply moving number, because it is about the crucifixion of Christ and the music is so profoundly expressive that it makes me experience, in a sense, the agony and wonder of it. To me, it would be good church music; because it would be effective and I could participate. To the average congregation, it would be unintelligible, no more than a display of vocal talents, and it would be very poor church music.

On the other hand, I think we would make a mistake to arbitrarily divide all music into "usable" and "not usable" on the basis of the lowest common denominator of the average denomination. Because we don't understand good music doesn't mean we can't learn to love it and participate in it and get a blessing from it. Many people shudder when they hear the name "Bach," yet with a few minutes' patient teaching they can learn to enjoy so many beautiful—and blessing-laden—things this deeply spiritual man wrote, such as "O Sacred Head Now Wounded," "Sheep May Safely Graze," and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." We all ought to seek to go above our present limitations in learning to enjoy and be blessed by music.

But the people who don't like what they would call too "churchy" music aren't the only ones who are prejudiced. There are a lot of people who don't like music because it isn't "churchy." They miss the joy of a happy song that is syncopated, perhaps, one whose harmonies they consider too "modern." These songs—the lighter, more rhythmic ones—have to be judged by the same standard we have talked about—are they effective in producing spiritual results? Do they do something, communicate something, for those who hear them? If not, they are poor music. If they bring blessing, we ought not to condemn them.

Of course, many will fail this test. If the music is frothy, the chances are great that the words will be frothy. If the words are inconsequential and the music is jazzy, it is not useful music and should not be used in church. But let us be sure we judge by the usefulness of it, not by whether or not the music appeals to our particular taste.

Here again, the manner of singing, and the manner of presenting the song, which may be more important, can decide whether or not the song is a blessing. A song like "It Is No Secret" is not likely to bring a blessing if heard on "Hit Parade." But in a group of young people who have just heard a stirring message on the power of God and what He can do for failing, sinning human beings, it can be a great testimony, a confession of sin, a means of understanding anew the wonderful power of God. In such a situation—and I have seen it used thus—who could say it is not good mu-

## \$1,600 for Ten Sermons . . .

(Continued from page 1)

warded more than others—"especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." Those who do the study and labor that is required to write out sermons, those who spend the time in prayer and have God's power upon them as they preach or write ought to be counted worthy of "double honour," the Scripture says. So it is proper to honor more anyone who labors and is blessed of God more in the preaching of the Word. We think it proper and honoring to God to reward those preachers who will help us by sending great evangelistic sermons to be published in THE SWORD OF THE LORD. The contest will simply select the best sermons for the winning of souls and the helping of others to win souls.

2. This contest will stimulate evangelistic preaching. Not only will preachers send us possibly 200 or 300 evangelistic sermons, as we believe they will, but many will be stimulated to write out sermons. Thousands of preachers will read these sermons and their hearts will be stirred to do better preaching to win souls, to warn sinners, to invite people to be saved. These evangelistic sermons will stimulate soul-winning preaching everywhere people read the English language, we firmly believe.

3. We find that people will read these prize-winning sermons with more interest than if the same sermons were published and it were not known how really remarkable they are in value. The contest in which a few sermons are selected out of hundreds of others offered naturally gets the best sermons. And the fact that these are contest winners will get people to read them who otherwise might not read them. Thus we find that sinners will be saved, and Christians will be blessed through the publication of prize-winning sermons, people who otherwise might not be intrigued to read THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

The experience of years gone by has proved beyond a doubt that God blesses these sermon contests. So, to the glory of God, we announce the 1956 Sword Evangelistic Sermon Contest.

### Great Prizes, Better Than Ever

Readers will note that we now offer larger cash prizes than ever before. We are offering \$1,600 in prizes for the best ten sermons. And we will offer to purchase at regular rates other sermons which

we feel are worthy of publication and for which we have room in THE SWORD, besides these prize-winning sermons.

Notice this remarkable list of prizes:

First prize-winning sermon, \$300.  
Second prize, \$250.  
Third prize, \$200.  
Fourth, fifth, and sixth prizes, \$150 each.  
Seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth prizes, \$100 each.

This makes a total of \$1,600 in prizes for the best ten evangelistic sermons offered and published.

### Rules of the Sermon Contest

1. All sermons must be original. They must be previously unpublished. The author must get whatever permission is necessary for copyright material used, and must give proper credit.

2. All sermons must be addressed to the unsaved with the evangelistic purpose of bringing lost sinners to conviction, or repentance, or saving faith in Christ, or for all these purposes. But only evangelistic sermons will count.

3. All sermons must be typewritten, double spaced on regular typewriter paper. Leave margins of at least one inch on top, sides, and bottom of each page. Use only one side of the paper. Name and address of the author are to be on the first page of each sermon.

4. No sermon will be considered which does not represent the out-and-out Bible-believer's viewpoint. Do not use your Scriptures from the Revised Standard Version. Do not quote known modernists with approval.

5. Prize-winning manuscripts become the property of the Sword of the Lord. The Sword will offer to purchase other sermons which we think we ought to have for publication in THE SWORD, even though they may not win a prize. All sermons offered which do not receive a prize and which are not purchased will be returned to the authors. We will endeavor to announce prize winners on or before September 1. The decision of the judges will be final.

6. Sermons should be preferably of average length; we suggest that they be perhaps between 3,000 and 5,000 words, though this is not a binding rule.

7. Each sermon should be accompanied with a letter from the author giving his age, educational attainment, degrees, position, his books published, and his denominational affiliation.

8. All manuscripts must be in

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AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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sic? It passes the test!

In considering whether or not a song will be a blessing, we should remember that many factors enter into it. The first and most important is, does it mean something to you? If you are about to sing and play something that doesn't already mean something in your own life, it won't be likely to bless others. If it has produced spiritual results in you, then that in itself is likely to make it a blessing to others. This alone saves many musical presentations which might otherwise be musically above the audience or musically below them. Sincere singing is the only kind that is effective, and the Holy Spirit can use poor singers and even poor music.

In this connection I am reminded of a story I read recently about the hymn, "Are Ye Able Said the Master." I have never thought of this as a particularly warm and moving song. It has good words, but they are rather lofty and inspirational rather than personal. It would be about the last song I'd expect to win a soul to the Lord. The first two verses go like this:

"Are ye able," said the Master,  
"To be crucified with me?"  
"Yea," the conquering Christians  
answered,  
"To the death we follow Thee."

"Are ye able" to remember  
When a thief lifts up his eyes  
That his pardoned soul is worthy  
Of a place in Paradise?

Lord, we are able, Our spirits are  
Thine,  
Remold them, make us like Thee,  
divine:

Thy guiding radiance above us  
shall be  
A beacon to God, to Love and  
Loyalty.

The song was used in a prison service, and afterwards, a very hard woman prisoner sent word to the chaplain she would like to see him. When he came in, she was weeping.

"I bet you never thought I'd call for you, did you?"

"Well, I didn't know," the chaplain replied.

"It's that song you sang . . . I just couldn't get over it."

"What song?" the chaplain asked.

"That one about 'Are Ye Able.'"

"Oh, yes." The chaplain thought back, trying to remember the words of the song, wondering what it was that had moved her so.

"It was that second verse," she answered, and she quoted it, word for word:

"Are ye able" to remember  
When a thief lifts up his eyes  
That his pardoned soul is worthy  
Of a place in Paradise?

"That was the one that got me . . . it was talking about me." And the woman was happily led to Christ, because of this song.

The Holy Spirit used that song—an unlikely one, maybe—because the girl needed Christ, and because someone sang it with meaning. Let's be sure He can use our singing for Him! Let's apply the final test to our church music: does it produce results in "the salvation of the lost, the edification of the redeemed, and the worship of God."



## A Vicious Attack by "So-Called" Liberals

By Dr. Richard Elvee and Dr. G. Douglas Young

For many years some of us have been aware of the evidence that accumulates that many so-called liberal Christians are not so liberal after all. The latest demonstration of the vicious attitude of the so-called liberal Christian is demonstrated in an editorial in the *Christian Century*. For those of our readers who are not acquainted with the *Christian Century*, it is an independent publication which seeks to promote the interests of the denominations that are members of the National Council of Churches. This group was formerly named, The Federal Council of Churches. It has a world affiliation in what is called the World Council of Churches. The article we refer to, reaches an all time low in editorializing.

The *Christian Century* stated: "When five young American missionaries were murdered by the savages of Ecuadorean jungles, they gave the last full measure of devotion in martyrdom. But the credit that is theirs forever does not automatically transfer to those who were responsible for sending them to their unnecessary death. Since the end of World War II, improvement of means of transportation and communication, plus the greater availability of funds for missionary work, has resulted in the hasty organization of many "independent" groups with a real or alleged missionary purpose. Dispatch by them of hundreds of poorly trained young missionaries to the ends of the earth has immensely complicated the work of responsible boards. Usually the activities of these young people receive the support of the so-called Bible or independent churches. Some of these independent missions are legitimate but shallowly conceived Christian enterprises; others are hardly more than rackets whose main purpose is to shake loose the dollars of credulous and uninformed church people. Very often these "independents" maintain themselves by a steady barrage of criticism of the missionary organizations of established denominations, which are charged with many misdeeds, including unfaithfulness to the gospel. We need not digress to specify or answer these charges; it is sufficient to point out that the denominational societies conserve manpower and insist on a high level of training for missionaries. In addition to biblical and theological studies, this preparation includes historical, cultural, anthropological and linguistic training. When missionaries reach



Dr. Richard Elvee

the places where they are to work, they take their places in a staff which combines experience and dedication. This policy conserves lives for their most effective service. It is not intended to avert peril, as the record of missionary martyrs in China and many other places in recent years proves. But it does not court danger needlessly, or lose many lives through blundering or thirst for publicity."

It seems to us that only a very illiberal spirit could pack so many errors and false judgments into so short and so vicious a statement. Modernists and liberals pride themselves on their liberal and loving spirits. It is thus all the more surprising to see them turn on those whom they regularly charge as being narrow minded and critical. The secular press, *Time* and *Life* magazines, and even members of Departments of Anthropology in leading Universities could find no occasion to blame or criticize that which took place in the martyrdom of these five missionaries. Yet, an allegedly Christian journal would make this kind of statement.

Among the errors of fact found in this editorial are the following:

First of all, these young men were not SENT to their death. These young men went by their own choice as is clear from the published correspondence which we have received from the missionary boards under which they worked.

Secondly, to make the charge that the mission boards under which these young men worked were hastily organized and shallowly conceived enterprises is grossly unfair and erroneous. Three of the men, James Elliot, Peter Fleming, and Edward McCulley, represented Plymouth Brethren Missions. The Plymouth Brethren work in Ecuador is nearly twenty years old, but the missionary work of the Plymouth Brethren in general is centuries old. Perhaps no group is as outstandingly known for being cautious and careful even if it does not heavily emphasize a church organization. Roger Youderian represented the Gospel Missionary Union. This board is an established and reputable missionary agency over sixty-four years of age with offices in England, on the continent, in Canada and the United States. The fifth martyr, Nate Saint, did not represent a mission. He represented the Missionary Aviation Fellowship, a group of United States war veterans who operate a number of airplanes for the single purpose of assisting missionaries who live and work in the hinterlands.

The *Christian Century* talks about these boards sending hundreds of poorly trained young missionaries. All five of these young men were college trained war vet-

It seems to us that only a very illiberal spirit could pack so many errors and false judgments into so vicious a statement.

From the new book by this militant, evangelical Methodist Minister of more than 55 years, 33 of them at Trinity Methodist in Los Angeles.



## Bob Shuler Met These On the Trail

Henry C. Morrison

What a welcome was his when he went home.

Methodism's greatest preacher of the generation just behind us was not a bishop. He could have been, had he been willing to pay the price. He held his message dearer than any honor man could bestow. Nothing man could offer tempted him to sacrifice that message.

Nor was he a pastor of a great city church. Indeed, he held no conspicuous position within the church to which he gave his long and useful ministry. What is more, through much of that ministry he was hounded and hunted, persecuted and misunderstood by the leadership of the Methodism he loved.

Henry C. Morrison was an evangelist. He had caught the real meaning of the Master's command, "Go ye, preach My gospel; disciple the nations." Few men of all the history of the Methodist revival ever obeyed that command more effectively. Not a man of his generation ever mastered the art of preaching more completely, or could hold great audiences with more of the skill of a master. He was first, and above all, a preacher!

I have heard Dr. Morrison say that his early ambition was to be a United States Senator. Those who knew him in his prime and have heard him at his best could easily vision "the little orator" as one of the greatest among the great who have come the way of the halls of Congress. Senator Daniels of Virginia, himself an orator who commanded the attention of any audience, declared Henry Clay Morrison the most eloquent preacher on the American continent. William Jennings Bryan, acknowledged by even his foes to be one of the greatest public speakers of all time, proclaimed Morrison the greatest preacher in the American pulpit.

Dr. Morrison received his message and took his orders from the same source. He was an aristocrat by nature, a man with a fine Christian pride, better designated as self-respect. He did not bow down well before the authority of man. Therefore, he was, through most of his life, the object of cruel and unbrotherly treatment on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities of the church. He was accused of insubordination, and was more than once denied the right to hold revival meetings within certain presiding elders' districts...

I had him at Trinity through seven revival meetings. The people never tired of his preaching. He was a master of platform psychology, an actor born, a lifelong student of human emotions, and the greatest dramatist I ever saw in the pulpit. Bible characters simply lived and moved before you as he preached. He looked the part! His very presence sent a thrill of expectancy through his audience.

But what was best by far, he believed his message. He was sold on the truth he was declaring. Morrison was a holiness preacher. And while he suffered deeply because of the fanaticism that, in many instances, has come to surround the doctrine, he did not waver in his loyalty or step softly in his defense. To the last, he went about preaching scriptural holiness, as did Wesley and the founders of Methodism.

During his long and useful life, he was for many years a college president and the editor of a religious paper. But no fence was strong enough or tall enough to keep him in any pasture, however inviting. He was built for the range! He roamed at will across the nation, preaching—forever preaching! You would hear him in Florida, in the Carolinas, in Tennessee, in Ohio, in California, in Oregon. If the world was John Wesley's parish, then surely America was the tabernacle in which Henry Morrison was continually pleading with souls to come to Jesus for full salvation. He was never content with any salvation that was not full. A little, empty, selfish, worldly church member was the bane of his ministry. He knew how full Heaven is and he was always pleading that the people called Methodists draw upon that supply.

Dr. Morrison preached around the world and came back just as Theodore Roosevelt arrived from one of his famous hunting trips. The great hunter was given a tremendous welcome at the landing. Dr. Morrison boarded a train and went down to Wilmore. For some reason, nobody knew of his home-coming and no one met him. He walked up toward home, under the big trees that he loved and that made the campus of Asbury such a delight. He felt a little lonely and forsaken. How different from the welcome of the great hunter! I heard Dr. Morrison say that as he neared the college which he loved, the thought came to him: Possibly I am not home yet!

What a home-coming, when he did come home! Tens of thousands of immortal souls, trophies to lay at the feet of Jesus, were the harvest of his abundant years. What a welcome the redeemed of the Lord gave to him when he landed!

He died in a revival meeting. Indeed, he was on his way to the pulpit with a message in his heart, when the call came.

Many will be the gowned clerics and ecclesiastical bigwigs who will melt into the common throng as Henry Clay Morrison walks down the streets of a City paved with gold. He was a gentleman from Kentucky and still is!

(Get this book, BOB SHULER MET THESE ON THE TRAIL, 42 fascinating character sketches, 185 pages, hard binding, \$2.25. Other books by Shuler: WHAT NEW DOCTRINE IS THIS? (\$2) and SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN (\$2). At your local Christian bookstore or add 5% (minimum 15c) for postage and handling and order direct from Sword of the Lord Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois.)

this vicious attack has as its real basis in the statement that these young people usually receive their support from the "so-called Bible and independent churches."—Editorial in the *Northwestern Pilot*.

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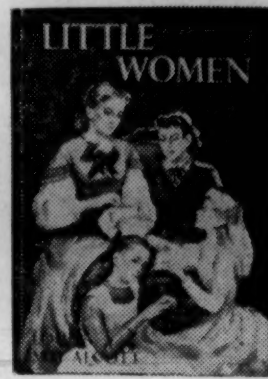
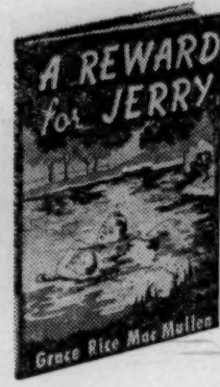
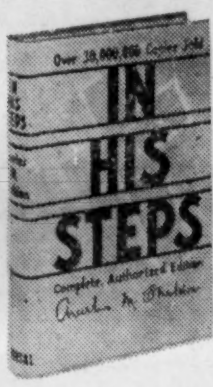
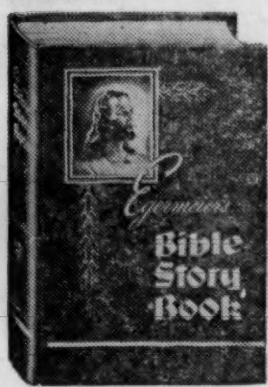
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By Editor John R. Rice

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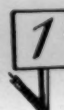
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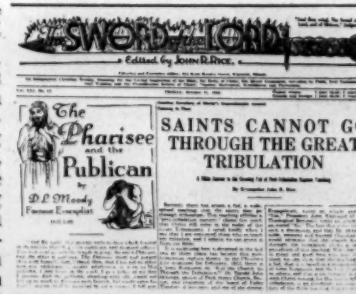
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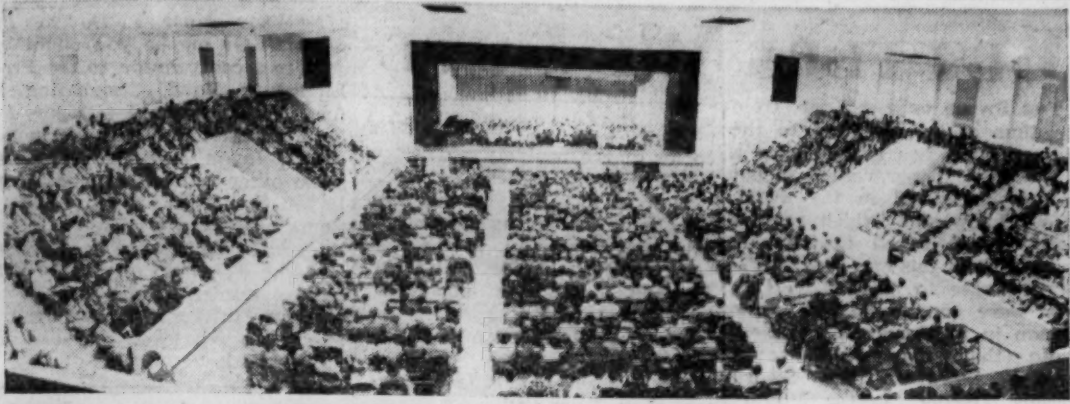
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Picture of the great crowd which filled the municipal auditorium at Ardmore, Oklahoma, the middle Sunday night of the Eddie Martin evangelistic crusade when over 125 people found Christ as Saviour.

## WITH THE Evangelists

REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

(NOTE: We are happy to publish honest reports of blessed revivals from trustworthy evangelists and churches. However, if you send us your report for publication, PLEASE give exact statistics, as far as possible, concerning conversions, rededications, additions, etc., or we may not print it. We especially appreciate reports from pastors and chairmen of union campaigns.)

**EVANGELIST JOE MILLER**, Maple Avenue, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, reports a recent meeting at the Waggoners Evangelical United Brethren Church near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where Rev. Gerald G. Heilman is pastor. A severe blizzard handicapped the meetings some but there were 8 conversions and 5 reclamations.

**EVANGELIST EDDIE MARTIN**, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with his song leader, Earl Davis, reports three recent campaigns. The first was with the First Baptist Church of Jacksonville, Florida, where Dr. Homer G. Lindsay is pastor. There were 60 conversions in the eight days. The second was at the First Baptist Church of Houston, Texas, where Dr. K. O. White is the minister. Here there were 70 first-time decisions in the fifteen days. The third was

a united campaign sponsored by the Baptist churches of Ardmore, Oklahoma, with the pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dr. Karl Moore, serving as chairman. The meetings were held in the municipal auditorium beginning with a crowd of 900 and increasing to beyond 2,000, (see picture). In the fifteen days there were over 125 first-time decisions for Christ and the highlight of the meeting was reported to be when 160 young people surrendered their lives for full-time service.

Rev. James Warnock, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, reports one of the greatest revivals ever experienced in that community recently, led by **EVANGELIST HUGH PYLE**, 1721 South Gordon Street, S. W., Atlanta 10, Georgia. In only eight days in a church

with only 97 members and a Sunday School average of 101, there were 45 professions of faith in Christ, 32 rededications and 5 others coming into the church by letter. The average nightly attendance was 147 in spite of an eight-inch snowstorm in the middle of the meeting. The pastor reports that this church will never be the same again and heartily recommends Brother Pyle as a Spirit-filled soul winner.

**EVANGELIST TOM LANDERS**, P. O. Box 6111, Seminary Hill, Fort Worth, Texas, and singer, James Newman, recently conducted services at the Retama Park Baptist Church, Kingsville, Texas, where there were 50 professions of faith, 8 additions to the church by letter and a total of 143 decisions of various natures. Nineteen of the professions of faith were in a Saturday morning's children service where over 200 children assembled. Evangelist Landers also held meetings at the Oakwood Baptist Church in Arlington, Texas, with singer Buddy Johnson. In the eight days there were a total of 130 decisions, 27 of which were first-time professions of faith and 9 were additions to the church by letter. Rev. Hollis Davis is pastor of the Kingsville church and Rev. Gene Hodge is pastor of the Arlington church.

Rev. Walter H. Jones, pastor of a church at Cedarville, Missouri, reports a meeting with **EVANGELIST RALPH M. DAVIDSON**, Box 77, Coffeyville, Kansas. During the two weeks there were 5 conversions and several other decisions among Christians.

Rev. James Frink, pastor of the First Regular Baptist Church at Hammond, Indiana, reports what he called "the greatest revival we have ever witnessed" at his church under the direction of Brother Davidson. Through a postponement of one of his dates the evangelist was able to preach for 15 days at Hammond and during that time over 100 Christians publicly confessed sin in their lives and dedicated themselves afresh to Christ while over 50 made first-time professions of faith. On the closing Sunday the Sunday School hit an all-time high of 544, which was just 2 less than 100 higher than ever before. The pastor highly recommends Evangelist Davidson to all who want a sound, persuasive, scriptural, Spirit-filled revivalist. The church has invited him back for three weeks in December.

The pastor of the National City Baptist Church at Tucson, Arizona, Rev. James Stuart, reports a good revival with **EVANGELIST CURT WETZEL**, 190 Hood Street, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. There were 12 who came making confession of faith in Christ and following the Lord in baptism. Six others came for rededication. The pastor highly commends this faithful evangelist.

**EVANGELIST JACK YOST**, Route 2, Berwick, Pennsylvania, writes that he checked on the results of his 1955 meetings and found them lasting. During the year he had a record of 237 professions of faith, 18 families who had set up family altars in their homes, 7 entering a Christian university to prepare for full-time service and 2 pledging to go to a foreign mission field. He found that 90% of the 237 are now faithful church members in a fundamental gospel preaching church. He was unable to give an accurate record of those pledging to tithe and those rededicating their lives.

Rev. A. B. Sprunger, pastor of



Washington, D. C.—Evangelist Billy Graham and Mrs. Graham honored by reception at Senate upon return from India tour. Left to right: Dr. L. Nelson Bell (Mrs. Graham's father); Vice-President Richard Nixon; Mrs. Graham; Dr. Graham; and Senator Frank Carlson.

## Graham in Washington

MEETING WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: RECEPTION BY SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN CLIMAXES WELCOME HOME TO BILLY GRAHAM; EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE ALSO ON SCHEDULE

In his March 21 Press Conference, President Eisenhower referred to his fifty-minute meeting with Billy Graham the day previous, (in the words of the *New York Times*) "expressed admiration for Billy Graham, because the evangelist understands that any advance in the world must be made through man's spiritual nature."

The meeting with the President climaxed the busy schedule of "welcome home" meetings which Mr. Graham has carried out following the return from his round-the-world tour of India and the Far East.

In the nation's Capital, the evangelist was honored by a re-

ception in the Caucus Room of the Senate, with Senator Frank Carlson (Republican, Kansas) and Senator Price Daniel (Democrat, Texas) presiding as hosts. Approximately four hundred senators, congressmen and invited guests attended. Later that day Mr. and Mrs. Graham visited Vice-President Nixon. The final meeting before going home was Tuesday morning's visit with President Eisenhower at the White House.

After a few days of rest, Mr. Graham returned to Washington to speak at the Easter Sunrise Service in the formal gardens of Walter Reed Army Hospital.

the Cove Bible Church, Martinsburg, Pennsylvania, reports a very happy time with Evangelist Jack Yost. The average attendance in this baby church, less than a year old, was 125. During the two weeks there were 13 professions of faith and 10 rededications of life. The evangelist's wife conducted children's meetings nightly which began with an attendance of 7 and grew to 58.

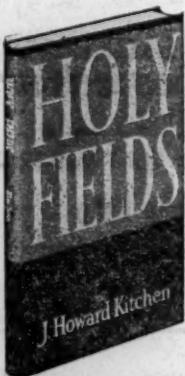
**EVANGELIST EDDIE WAGNER**, 123 N. Van Buren, Little Rock, Arkansas, recently closed a successful meeting with the First Baptist Church of McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, where Rev. William D. Ross is pastor. In spite of bad weather there were 21 conversions and many reconsecrations of life.

Sword of the Lord **EVANGELIST ERNIE HABECKER** has just closed a blessed revival campaign with the Willowdale Chapel of New Castle, Delaware, according to the pastor, Wentworth Pike. Pastor Pike writes Evangelist Bill Rice that there were 51 conversions during the campaign. Of this number, 22 came forward at invitation time during regular service. (Continued on page 8)

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Recommended



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We endeavor to train young people in Bob Jones University so they will be able to meet whatever emergencies they have to face in life. We have high academic standards. We have good

scientific laboratories, equipment, and all the other things that are necessary for the best quality scholastic work; but the most important thing is teaching young people how to live. If you are interested in an institution that gives the type emphasis Bob Jones University gives, we will appreciate your financial co-operation. We have completed our new dormitory, and we are rushing to completion a fine arts building which will relieve our academic congested condition. We need your help. One half of any amount you send, unless it is definitely earmarked, will be used for the building program; and one-fourth will be used for our Student Help Fund; and one-fourth will be used to get the Gospel out to the ends of the earth. Please let us hear from you, and please keep praying for us.

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(advertisement)



## Hollywood Does It Again

By Evangelist Robert L. Sumner, Associate Editor

According to the time-proven Hollywood formula, the best way to become famous is to be portrayed as infamous! Hollywood hopefuls well know that their best chance of succeeding in that land of glamorized sin and make-believe is to earn a reputation on the shady, seamy, sensual side of life. So much is this so that one of filmdom's brightest stars, actress Deborah Kerr, was quoted by movie columnist Sidney Skolsky in America's largest selling movie magazine, *Photoplay* (March, 1953), as declaring it is necessary to portray a "dipso (one who has a morbid and uncontrollable craving for alcoholic drinks), nympho (a woman who has unrestrainable, uncontrollable sexual desires) or dope fiend" to win an Academy Award, Hollywood's highest honor.

That this is true is proven annually when the winners of the Academy Awards are announced for the top performances of the previous year. Just a few days ago the Academy Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made their 28th annual award for the best performances and productions of 1955. *Hollywood did it again!* The top awards and honors once more went to the base and immoral—although it must be confessed that there is little else in movie-land from which to choose!

The coveted "Oscar" for the best actress of 1955 went to Anna Magnani for her performance in "The Rose Tattoo." Ernest Borgnine received the "Oscar" for best actor of the year in the film, "Marty." Best supporting actress was judged to be Jo Van Fleet for her role in "East of Eden," and Jack Lemmon won the best supporting actor award for his part in "Mister Roberts." What were these winning roles like? What was the "best" in all film-land during the year just ended? The answer is typically Hollywood.

According to International News Service's top Hollywood correspondent, Emily Belser, the best actress of the year, "a volcanic, middle-aged woman with scraggly hair and a fiendish temper," portrayed the part of a "love-starved Sicilian." A few weeks before the awards were announced, *United Artists* theater in Chicago purchased a big space of about seventy square inches to advertise this film, "The Rose Tattoo," in the *Chicago American*. Calling it the "Midwest Premiere" and boasting that it had been nominated for eight Academy Awards, the picture was featured as: "The Boldest Story of Love You Have Ever Been Permitted to See!" One large picture showed the stars in a passionate embrace while another showed them looking shocked as a second woman stood before them, blouse opened down the front and pulled back off the shoulder. The words printed above the picture were: "Here's proof he was my love . . . his rose tattooed on my chest!" The film was also billed: "Burt Lancaster driven to emotional extremes by Anna Magnani, the most exciting actress of our time! From the play by Tennessee Williams, Pulitzer Prize Winning Author of 'A Streetcar Named Desire!'"

Incidentally, in my book, *Hollywood Cesspool*, I had written: "Perhaps by the time this is published the film 'Rose Tattoo' will be completed and released. Concerning it, Louella O. Parsons wrote: 'The fiery Anna Magnani, Ingrid Bergman's predecessor in Rossellini's life, is negotiating with Hal Wallis to star in 'Rose Tattoo' . . . Burt Lancaster is very hot for the role of the amorous truck driver. This play needs a good vacuum cleaning for the screen. Of course, Anna will play the Maureen Stapleton role—and boy, would she be okay as this fiery, passionate and sexy character.' PREDICTION: Hollywood does not give the play 'a good vacuum cleaning' when it shows it on the silver screen!" That my prediction was correct is seen from the above mentioned advertisement.

It could be expected that anything written by Tennessee Williams would be foul and impure. His above mentioned play, "A Streetcar Named Desire," also won a coveted "Oscar" for the leading lady when it was filmed by Hollywood. British actress Vivien Leigh was the winner of the "best actress of the year" on that occasion in 1951 for her performance "as a psychopathic strumpet"

in that picture. Webster's dictionary defines "strumpet" as "a prostitute; harlot."

Coming back to this year's best actress winner, playing a shady lady is nothing new to Miss Magnani. A film which features her, "Volcano," is running right now in a leading downtown Chicago theater. Movie columnist Ann Marsters reviewed this film in the *Chicago American*, calling it "a tawdry, third-rate affair" in which "Magnani plays a woman of ill repute who returns to her native town of Volcano after being driven out of Naples by the police." She describes the leading man as "a professional diver of unsavory reputation" whom Magnani is able to divert in "his dishonorable intentions from her sister to herself." The reviewer adds, "She goes to the extreme of destroying Brazzi (the leading man) and finally herself in a climax made noisy by the volcano's eruption."

The best actor of 1955, Ernest Borgnine, won his honors, according to International News Service's Emily Belser, for his "portrayal of the butcher who found love in a dance hall" in the picture, "Marty." While this role is not on the same low par of immorality as those receiving the other three top awards, it is still a mighty poor example of where and how to look for such a holy and pure characteristic as love. And remember that the cheap dance hall is just a step away from the bawdy house and greater evils. This newly acclaimed hero, Borgnine, ordinarily is portrayed as a villain in his movie roles. Movie columnist Charles Denton reported in the public press that "his first real movie break came in the role of a sadistic sergeant in another Academy Award winner, 'From Here to Eternity,' and he followed that with 'one bad guy role after another.'" The film, "Marty," was described as "one of the most widely hailed movies in Hollywood history, having won the Cannes Film Festival award among others." It took a total of four "Oscars," including that of "best picture of the year."

Emily Belser's report of the Academy Awards in the *Chicago American* said, "The award for the best supporting actress went to Jo Van Fleet for another realistic portrayal—that of the bawdy-house-keeping mother of the late James Dean in 'East of Eden.'" The *Chicago Sun-Times* expressed it, "Jo Van Fleet, who played a madam in 'East of Eden,' won the best supporting actress Oscar."

The other top award went to Jack Lemmon "for his hilarious portrayal of Ensign Pulver in 'Mister Roberts.'" Dick Williams, the *Los Angeles Mirror-News* entertainment editor, was commenting in his daily column about the National League of Decency's charge of a "tremendous increase" of objectionable films. Williams agreed with the indictment and went on to say, ". . . I saw the preview of a new picture, 'Mr. Roberts,' last week which illustrated what Father Little meant. Some of the lines, while not smutty, perhaps, were a lot broader than a movie could have used heretofore. I refer to Ensign Pulver's plans to seduce a visiting Navy nurse with the aid of a bottle of home-cooked Scotch."

The description of the above is the "BEST" Hollywood produced, according to their own standards, in the entire year of 1955. What a revelation it is of the entire rotten business which is completely corrupt from the inside out! Can you, as a Christian, afford to

## LETTERS WE LOVE

THE SWORD OF THE LORD, from the time of its inception to the present hour, has always been a soul-winning paper. There is not another periodical in the world, to our knowledge, which gets as many people saved through its pages as does this one. Nearly 100 people wrote to us in 1955 that they were converted from some sermon in it. Hundreds of others wrote that they were saved through literature the Sword spreads. During "Letter Month" this year we heard from others who have been saved directly or indirectly through its influence. One letter came from a lady in Kansas telling how Jack Shuler's sermon brought about her conversion. She wrote:

"Dear Friends:

"For 'friends' you are. First, it is a 'joy' (yes, and my duty) to write you for I was saved through a sermon in THE SWORD. That sermon was called 'History's Horror Picture.' I was permitted to hear Dr. Rice preach at Newton, Kansas, in a revival there, and I thanked him personally for having pointed me to my Saviour. "And since being saved THE SWORD keeps me fed on God's Word. I'm so happy to be able to go to THE SWORD and find out what is right and wrong—what will please Christ and what will not!"

"Please keep the paper full of sermons and questions and answers . . ."

(Signed) Mrs. J. H.

### The Sword Means of Finding Christ

Another letter came from a housewife up in Canada who wrote to say:

"Dear Brother Rice:

"Along with my money for subscription to THE SWORD OF THE LORD I just want to say how I have enjoyed your Christian paper. I have been getting it now for four years or more and I would not want to be without it. "It was the means of me finding Christ and I have never regretted a day of it, since I let Him come into my life. My desire is just to live for Him from day to day. May God bless you and yours in your wonderful work."

(Signed) Mrs. S. C.

A grateful brother wrote to thank Dr. Rice for the conversion of his stepfather in a recent union campaign led by the editor at Decatur, Alabama, and to explain how THE SWORD OF THE LORD had prepared the way for that conversion. The brother's letter said: "Since this is 'Letter Month' I would like for you to know what THE SWORD has meant to us. In the campaign you held here (Fairview, Moulton Heights, and Grace Baptist churches) our stepfather came to the Lord after we had almost lost hope for he was so blinded by Christian Science. But in THE SWORD we had sent him he saw the error of Mrs. Eddy. He is 62 years of age . . ."

(Signed) L. S.

### Serviceman's Eyes Opened From "What"

A young airman stationed in Louisiana, who plans to enter the ministry following his discharge, wrote telling how he gives out thousands of copies of Gospel tracts and especially likes Dr. Rice's, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" Part of his letter, which

came with an order for over 5,000 copies of the booklet, said:

"Dear Brother Rice:

"I want to write you this 'Letter Month' and encourage you and your staff to continue your blessed work for Jesus. We commend you for your stand against modernism, worldliness and sin . . .

"Do not let the many who oppose you, discourage you, for Satan is very anxious to discourage, slow down and stop if possible any work that points people to Jesus . . .

"We have seen several souls saved here in the A. F. and the 'What' had a vital part as an instrument through which God spoke. It was a little over 4 years ago when I read a 'What' and God set me straight then concerning salvation. Soon after that I made the decision to trust Jesus as my own personal Saviour. Now my wife and I are sharing the joy of Jesus in our hearts with as many as possible. If only more Christians realized the simplicity and effectiveness of using Gospel tracts in their every day life . . ."

(Signed) A. I. C. and Mrs. L. B. A pastor in California also ordered 500 copies of the "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" tract at the special "Letter Month" bargain price. In his letter he related this interesting account:

"I should also like to report that Mr. L. C., formerly owner of the C. Lumber Company of B., Indiana, was saved as a result of reading a copy of the booklet. He united with our church in Owensboro, Kentucky, and was baptized by me. He also passed away suddenly a few months ago and I had his funeral. Just thought it might encourage you to know that 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?' was responsible for his conversion."

(Signed) W. L. C.

Here are two mediums which are definitely sold out to soul winning and result in the conversions of many, many precious souls. As already mentioned above, THE SWORD OF THE LORD is a soul-winning paper and people regularly get converted from reading it. An average of nearly two people every week were saved last year through sermons published in THE SWORD OF THE LORD. The conversion story behind the "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" tract is even more thrilling since more than 600 people wrote us in 1955, signing the decision blank from the "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" booklet. Remember that this is just from the English edition only! Hundreds of others were saved from the Japanese, Indian, Korean and other editions of this pamphlet which are being circulated in over twenty different languages and dialects.

Why not get in on this soul-winning ministry in whatever capacity you are able? Perhaps you can send subscriptions to those you know who would appreciate or be benefited from THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Or perhaps you should send in a contribution to our Ministers and Missionary Fund which provides so many free subscriptions for ministers, missionaries and others who definitely need the paper and cannot pay for it. Perhaps you should help spread far and wide the English edition

of "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" Or maybe you ought to send in a contribution to the Free Literature Fund, designating it for "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" tracts in India, Formosa, Korea, Japan, South America, or some other country or continent. If you cannot do anything in any financial way you can pray for the work. We suppose that everyone who does help financially will have a burden strong enough to earnestly intercede in our behalf. Please do whatever you can as led by God.

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(Continued on page 12)



## \$1,600 for Ten Sermons . . .

(Continued from page 2)

hand at the Sword of the Lord office on or before July 1. Mail your manuscript so it will arrive in time.

9. We reserve the right to disregard any manuscript which is not suitable, or which we regard as not true to the Bible. We also reserve the right to withhold any of the ten prizes if, in the opinion of the judges, no sermon is at hand worthy of that prize.

### Great Benefits A Preacher May Receive From This Sermon Contest

We suggest that serious, spiritual, Bible-believing ministers, whether pastors, evangelists, or missionaries, would do well to enter this contest provided they are willing to do the study and prayer and labor involved. We believe that preachers may have great blessing in writing out evangelistic sermons.

Writing a sermon guarantees an exactness of expression which you would probably not have in a

spoken address.

In a written sermon you can search out and copy down the Scriptures which you might not instantly find or have at hand in an extemporaneous message.

When once you have written down a sermon it is yours in a very peculiar and blessed way. Afterward, when you preach the message it is so clearly fixed in mind that you will find that language flows more freely, you say more exactly what you want to say.

Best of all, this study and prayer in such a serious matter are very fine heart discipline for the preacher. We think every preacher ought to frequently write out sermons. We do not advise that you read your sermons in the pulpit but you will certainly preach better extemporaneously in the pulpit following brief notes if you frequently write out your sermons and so develop the habit of very careful preparation, of selecting words and phrases and quota-

tions ahead of time, and giving exact quotations and definite Scripture references.

Those prizes are worth trying for! At least ten preachers will get a total of \$1,600. And it would be a tremendous honor to have your sermon selected in such a contest among the great preachers of the world. And think of the great joy of preaching the Gospel to about 125,000 families who get THE SWORD OF THE LORD all over the world! So, preachers, prayerfully consider whether or not you ought to enter this 1956 Sword Evangelistic Sermon Contest.

Extra copies of these contest

## Keep Praying

You will never find time to pray—you must take it.

There is nothing too small to pray about, so get the habit of praying over little as well as big things.

If you pray, be prepared to act also, for answered prayer often calls for action.

Prayer is not limited to human effort. God can and often does work miracles in Christian lives.

Prayer is a God-given way of enlisting Heaven's help in man's enterprise. *Keep on praying.*

—Selected and adapted.

rules may be had upon request. Address the Sword of the Lord, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois. And don't forget, your sermon must be in our hands on or before July 1, 1956.

## Pierpont Morgan's Greatest Transaction

By A. J. Pollock

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the American financier, the multi-millionaire, died a devoted Christian.

On the 4th of January, 1913, he made his will. The disposal of such vast sums of money and such priceless objects of art as he possessed doubtless caused him much thought. His will consisted of about 10,000 words, and contained thirty-seven articles.

But we are left in no doubt as to what Mr. Morgan considered to be the most important clause in his will, nay, the most important affair in his whole life.

He made many transactions—some affecting such large sums of money as to disturb the financial equilibrium of the world—yet there was one transaction that evidently stood out in Mr. Morgan's mind as of supreme importance.

His will opens with the following simple, yet dignified, words:

"I commit my soul in the hands of my Saviour, full of confidence that, having redeemed it and washed it with His most precious blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father."

"I entreat my children to maintain and defend, at all hazard and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered, and through that alone."

In the matter of his soul's eternal blessing, his vast wealth was as powerless as the beggar's poverty. In this he was as dependent upon mercy as the dying robber at Calvary.

And, methinks this testimony is far more wonderful than any other writing Mr. Morgan has ever penned. May it have a voice to the thousands who will read it.

Observe that Mr. Morgan had no belief in the "New Theology." The Lord Jesus was for him a personal Saviour. He evidently agreed with Luther that our Christianity is expressed with a personal pronoun, for he spoke of "My Saviour."

Dear reader, have you yet appropriated the Saviour thus? Nothing else will avail.

Then, further, note that Mr. Morgan did not indulge in a pious hope that he might be saved. He could look back to a moment in his history when as a sinner he trusted the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour, so that he could say of the Lord, in connection with his soul:

"Having redeemed it and washed it with His most precious blood."

He took the happy ground of positive assurance. For this he had the authority of Holy Scripture. The Apostle Peter could write to believers, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ" (I Pet. 1:18,19). The Apostle John likewise writing to believers, penned these peace-giving words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (I John 1:7).

What a sure and certain trust Mr. Morgan had when he passed into God's presence, resting, as he did, on God's word! Can you do the same, my reader?

Mr. Morgan bid his children "maintain and defend, at all hazard, and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of

complete atonement for sin through the Lord Jesus Christ once offered," and then he added the significant words—

"And through that ALONE."

It reminds us of Joachim II, Elector of Brandenburg. As his ambassadors were about to proceed to the religious disputations at Worms, in 1540, he gave them their final instructions: "See that you bring back that little word 'ALONE': do not dare to return without it."

Both parties were prepared to confess that salvation was to be received "through faith in Christ Jesus," but the Reformers added the little word "alone"—salvation "through faith in Christ Jesus ALONE."

But shall we call it a little word? It really is a big word—big in meaning, big in importance.

How Mr. Morgan's closing words ring with the triumph of assured conviction and truth! At all cost this was to be maintained. Aye, if every penny of his many millions had to go, this must be maintained. He valued this far above all else. And well he might.

His millions might give him power on earth for a few brief years, but they were without avail to give him what he prized above all—salvation, redemption, "complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered, and through that alone."

Thank God, these are His gifts. The poorest is as welcome to their possession and enjoyment as the richest, and the richest needs them just as much as the poorest. Poor indeed would Mr. Morgan have been without these possessions; with them he possessed "the unsearchable riches of Christ," besides which his millions were paltry and insignificant.

Grace alone will suit the needy sinner. Ponder well the following passage of Scripture; it completely sustains Mr. Morgan's statement as to salvation through Christ:

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast."—Eph. 2:8, 9.

You may find the same blessing and solace, if you trust the same Saviour, on the same terms.

Of all the important transactions the great financier entered upon, surely the greatest satisfaction was his when he could sing:

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,

I am my Lord's and He is mine; He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Happy day! Happy day! When Jesus washed my sins away."

Reader, has this great transaction taken place in your history yet? If not, do not rest till it has.

### Important Memo--

#### WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS

Please report both new and old addresses directly to THE SWORD OF THE LORD, five weeks before the change is to take effect. Copies that we address to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage. Avoid this unnecessary expense by notifying us five weeks in advance.

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## The Dynamite of a Vision

(Continued from page 1)

nor the possibilities of things which can be brought to pass.

Vision moves people to action. Vision gives life a purpose.

Think again of Nehemiah. He had a vision of the condition of his beloved city. He was moved by the vision to action. Danger and hardships were forgotten. He was stirred to great endeavor.

Visions are dynamite! The architect envisions a building before plans are drawn and construction begun. The farmer envisions a crop before ever the ground is broken. The general of an army envisions the battle and anticipates the victory. From the visions come action and high resolves.

Today I want to mention three life-changing visions; visions which will be dynamite to change the trend of your life.

### I. A Vision of Christ

There is an old story told of a man in the city of Chicago who stood at one of the busy street corners. He was found there day after day asking alms. Most people thought that his mind was not exactly right. One day when it was bitter cold he slipped into one of the city's rescue missions. That night he found Christ as Saviour. This poor man of the street was marvelously saved. It is said that in three years he wore out three Bibles. One day the editor of a paper decided that he would go and see the man. He climbed up to his garret, and found him on his knees with his Bible open before him. He asked him if he would mind reading the Bible to him. The man read. Later the editor said, "I thought I had heard the Bible read, and I thought I had read it myself, but as this man read it, with tears overflowing and his voice trembling, I stopped him and said, 'Tell me, if you will; what is the secret of your power?' The man closed his Bible, hesitated a second, and then said, 'I have seen Jesus.'"

The Bible tells us of our Lord, but so few see Him in its pages. Instead of seeing Christ, men see only points for argument, supposed contradictions, or some minor facts never intended for major emphasis.

We need to read the Word of God to get a vision of Christ. His face is found on every page.

Read and see the love of Christ for a lost world—that love which brought Him down from Heaven.

Read and see the sacrifice of the Saviour. In both the Old and New Testaments we have pictured the Lamb of God dying for the sins of the world.

Read and see the triumph of Christ over the grave, picturing for us the victory which we have in Him.

Don't be content until you get a vision of Christ. God wants you to see His Son. This is the vision you need. This is the vision which will change your life.

Yes, for the sinner, there is life in a look. When Israel murmured against God, Moses was instructed to make a brazen serpent. God said, "Whenever a person looks

upon the brazen serpent, he shall live." And so it was. And so it is now. There is life in a look at the Crucified One.

For the child of God, there is inspiration and encouragement for the battle of life when he sees Christ. Disheartened saint of God, look to Jesus, your Saviour. Observe how He suffered without complaint or murmur.

Powerless Christian, look to Christ. Observe how He did His mighty works in the power of the Spirit. Hear Him as He says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father" (John 14:12).

Lives are transformed by a vision of Christ. Mean men are changed into humble servants. Wayward sinners are made worthy saints. Saul of Tarsus became Paul the missionary by a vision of Christ. The vision of our Lord became a driving force in the apostle's life.

### II. A Vision of Perishing Souls

Christ urged His disciples to get a vision of a lost world. At one time He said, "Say not ye. There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4:35).

Christ was urging His disciples and urging us to get a view of a lost world when He said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

As we read the Acts, we can see that the vision did not grip the Christians in Jerusalem. They did not hasten to obey the command of our Lord. Until dire persecution came, they settled down to the work in the city of Jerusalem. When persecution came, they scattered somewhat into the home field, but still did not launch out into the foreign fields.

It was left to the church at Antioch to begin the great foreign missionary program. In that church were devout leaders, among them Barnabas and Saul. As the people met together and fasted and prayed, the Holy Spirit said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

It is quite evident that their fasting and prayer was being done in the light of a lost world. As they continued in their ministry before the Lord, the Holy Spirit directed them to send out missionaries to preach to perishing souls.

What about Barnabas and Saul? Did they have a vision also? Yes, I am positive that they did. These two men of God would never have left the comfortable church at

(Continued on page 8)

## He Never Gave

The old German shoemaker had just sent his boy with a basket of garden stuff to a poor widow. He worked hard at his trade and cultivated his little garden patch, yet nothing was more common in his life than some such deed as this.

"How can you afford to give so much away?" I asked him.

"I give nothing away," he said. "I lend it to the Lord, and He repays me many times. I am ashamed that people think I am generous when I am paid so much. A long time ago, when I was very poor, I saw someone in want, and I wondered if I could give, but I could not see how. I did give, and the Lord helped me. I have had more work, my garden grows well, and never since have I stopped to think twice when I have heard of some needy one. No, if I gave away all, the Lord would not let me starve. It is like money in the bank, only this time the bank never breaks, and the interest comes back every day."

—Selected

## God's Minorities

When Noah was building the ark he was in the minority—but he won.

When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brothers, he was in the minority—but he won.

When Gideon and his three hundred followers, with their broken pitchers and lamps, put the Midianites to flight, they were in the minority—but they won.

When Elijah prayed down fire from heaven and put the prophets of Baal to shame, he was in the minority—but he won.

When David, ridiculed by his brothers, went out to meet Goliath, he was in the minority in size—but he won.

When Martin Luther nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral, he was in the minority—but he won.

When Jesus Christ was crucified by the Roman soldiers, He was in the minority—but He WON!

The Christian Witness

## Convictions

vs.

## Popularity

One of the evils of this modern day, if we be any judge, is the scarcity of men and women in places of leadership who are willing to speak their convictions at the risk of popularity.

The thought was pointed up the other day when we came across this striking statement: "Every man must fight the evil he sees. If he doesn't oppose it, he accepts it."

Turn that statement over again in your thinking. There is enough grist for the mill to stay busy many an hour.

There is too much of a premium today in just being nice. We lack the courage to strike out at evil in high or in popular places.

Esteem isn't necessarily won by drifting with the crowd. In fact, it seldom is so won.

—Christian Index, Georgia.



## With the Evangelists

(Continued from page 5)

vices, 11 more were saved in the homes, and 18 were saved in a Saturday afternoon children's service. Evidently the small building, which is usually crowded with 75 in Sunday School, was almost bursting at its seams when 141 attended Sunday School the closing day of the revival! The Rev. Pike "heartily recommends Evangelist Habecker as a Spirit-filled, Christ-exalting minister of the Gospel." Others interested in securing the services of this godly and gifted young man may write Evangelist Bill Rice, Director, 214 West Wesley, Wheaton, Illinois.



### REST FOR THE WEARY

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This is Vance Havner's answer to today's hectic pace. The REAL rest, he writes, is service through the strength of Christ within. One must go apart for a while, as Jesus did. "Our Saviour never allowed His public ministry to crowd out His private meditation," he notes. Here is the spiritual enrichment that has stirred Vance Havner's readers over the years.

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## The Dynamite of a Vision

(Continued from page 7)

Antioch and the pleasant surroundings without a vision of perishing souls. The Holy Spirit was at work, both with the church and with these two men who were to go out in missionary labors.

In Acts 13:4, we read, "So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost." This is exactly what will happen whenever a church is led by the Holy Spirit. If ever you see a church that does not have a missionary program, you can put it down that that church is not Spirit-directed. Christ gave the command to go into all the world and preach the gospel. He ascended back to Glory. The Holy Spirit came to indwell believers, to guide them. It follows that whenever believers listen to the voice of the Holy Spirit, they will be interested in missions.

Can you not see Barnabas and Saul preparing to leave Antioch? There were doubtless those who said, "You are foolish to leave. Antioch still has many unsaved people in it. You are two of our best men. The church will suffer when you go."

It is likely that Barnabas and Saul made reply, "We must go. We must obey the command of Christ. We must follow the leadership of the Holy Spirit, and we must give the gospel to the perishing souls in other lands."

What is it that should move young men and young women to give themselves to the work of missions? It is the remembrance of the command of Christ, and a vision of souls perishing forever. In the last few days I have talked with a young couple who feels the call of God to mission service in Africa. They want to leave at once for the field. The wife expressed it in this way, "We are unhappy in this country since we got a vision of the need across the sea. We can't think of anything but

those poor, black people who need to hear the gospel of Christ."

Whenever a vision of perishing souls seizes the heart of a young man, he will be a real missionary. If he decides to be a missionary simply because of some supposed glamour, he will soon fade away. But if he has caught a vision of a lost world, he will usually go on.

What was it that sent Livingstone to Africa? It was a vision of perishing souls. What was it that kept him in Africa after many honors had been heaped upon him? It was a vision of perishing souls and the need to open up the continent for others to follow.

What was it that sent C. T. Studd to Africa when he was over fifty years of age? It was a vision of perishing souls. What is it that sends out our young people in great numbers to people around the world? In most cases, I know that it is a vision of lost and dying men and women.

Vision follows knowledge. The Word of God says that men are lost without Christ. "He that believeth not is condemned already." The Word says that men are lost forever and ever without Christ. All men, white and black, red and yellow, are lost without the Saviour. Think of what Christ has said about people and their need. Let your heart be filled with a vision of the multitudes of earth who have never heard of Christ for the first time.

Young people, think of China, Japan, India, South America—in these lands are teeming millions who do not know our Saviour. Think upon it until you get a vision of the perishing multitudes. As you get a vision, you will do something about it. Some of you will be called to give your lives and all you have in the work of missions. Others of you, though

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## Black Rock

(Continued from page 1)

in a pot hung round with wintergreen, stood in the center of the table.

"Well, now, this looks good; porridge, beefsteak, potatoes, toast, and marmalade."

"I hope you will enjoy it all."

There was not much talk over our meal. Mr. Craig was evidently preoccupied and as blue as his politeness would allow him. Slavin's victory weighed upon his spirits. Finally he burst out:

"Look here! I can't, I won't stand it; something must be done. Last Christmas this town was for two weeks, as one of the miners said, 'a little suburb of hell.' It was something too awful. And at the end of it all one young fellow was found dead in his shack, and twenty or more crawled back to the camps, leaving their three months' pay with Slavin and his suckers. I won't stand it, I say." He turned fiercely on me. "What's to be done?"

This rather took me aback, for I had troubled myself with nothing of this sort in my life before, being fully occupied in keeping myself out of difficulty and allowing others the same privilege. So I ventured the consolation that he had done his part, and that a spree more or less would not make much difference to these men. But the next moment I wished I had been slower in speech, for he swiftly faced me, and his words came like a torrent.

"God forgive you that heartless word! Do you know—but no; you don't know what you are saying. You don't know that these men have been clambering for dear life out of a fearful pit for three months past, and doing good climbing, too, poor chaps. You don't think that some of them have wives, most of them mothers and sisters, in the East or across the sea, for whose sake they are slaving here; the miners hoping to save enough to bring their families to this homeless place, the rest to make enough to go back with credit. Why, there's Nixon, miner, splendid chap; has been here for two years and drawing the highest pay. Twice he has been in sight of his heaven, for he can't speak of his wife and babies without breaking up, and twice that slick son of the devil—that's Scripture mind you—Slavin, got him and 'rolled' him, as the boys say. He went back to the mines broken in body and in heart. He says this is his third and last chance. If Slavin gets him, his wife and babies will never see him on earth or in heaven. There is Sandy, too, and the rest. And," he added in a lower tone, and with a curious little thrill of pathos in his voice, "this is the day the Saviour came to the world." He paused, and then with a little sad smile: "But I don't want to abuse you."

"Do. I enjoy it. I'm a beast, a selfish beast," for somehow his intense, blazing earnestness made me feel uncomfortably small. "What have we to offer?" I demanded.

"Wait till I have got these things cleared away and my house-keeping done."

I pressed my services upon him, somewhat feebly, I own, for I can't bear dish-water; but he rejected my offer.

"I don't like trusting my china to the hands of a tenderfoot."

"Quite right, though your china would prove an excellent means of defense at long range."

It was delf, a quarter of an inch thick. So I smoked while he washed up, swept, dusted, and arranged the room.

After the room was ordered to his taste we proceeded to hold council. He could offer dinner, magic lantern, music. "We can fill in time for two hours, but," he added gloomily, "we can't beat the dance and the 'High Kickers.'"

"Have you nothing new or startling?"

He shook his head.

"No kind of show? Dog show? Snake charmer?"

"Slavin has a monopoly of the snakes." Then he added hesitatingly: "There was an old Punch-and-Judy chap here last year, but he died. Whisky again."

"What happened to his show?"

"The Black Rock Hotelman took it for board and whisky bill. He has it still, I suppose."

I did not much relish the business, but I hated to see him beaten, so I ventured:

"I have run a Punch-and-Judy in an amateur way at the 'varsity.' He sprang to his feet with a yell.

"You have! You mean to say it? We've got them! We've beaten them!" He had an extraordinary way of taking your help for granted. "The miner chaps, mostly English and Welsh, went mad over the poor old showman, and made him so wealthy that in sheer gratitude he drank himself to death."

He walked up and down in high excitement and in such evident delight that I felt pledged to my best effort.

"Well," I said, "first the poster. We must beat them in that." He brought me large sheets of brown paper, and after two hours' hard work I had half a dozen pictorial show-bills done in gorgeous colors and striking designs. They were good, if I do say it myself.

The turkey, the magic lantern, the Punch-and-Judy show were all there, the last with the crowd before it in gaping delight. A few explanatory words were thrown in, emphasizing the highly artistic nature of the Punch-and-Judy entertainment.

Craig was delighted, and proceeded to perfect his plans. He had some half a dozen young men, four young ladies, and eight or ten matrons upon whom he could depend for help. These he organized into a vigilance committee charged with the duty of preventing miners and lumbermen from getting away to Slavin's.

"The critical moments will be immediately before and after dinner, and then again after the show is over," he explained. "The first two crises must be left to the care of Punch and Judy, and as for the last, I am not yet sure what shall be done," but I saw he had something in his head, for he added, "I shall see Mrs. Mavor."

"Who is Mrs. Mavor?" I asked.

But he made no reply. He was a born fighter, and he put the fighting spirit into us all. We were bound to win.

The sports were to begin at two o'clock. By lunch-time everything was in readiness. After lunch I was having a quiet smoke in Craig's shack when in he rushed, saying:

"The battle will be lost before it is fought. If we lose Quatre Bras we shall never get to Waterloo."

"What's up?"

"Slavin, just now. The miners are coming in, and he will have them in tow in half an hour."

He looked at me appealingly. I knew what he wanted.

(Continued on page 9)

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### Noteworthy NEWS Notes

CHRIST FOR AMERICA, 542 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Illinois, has announced that they will present two seminars on Visitation Evangelism this spring. The first will be held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 21 through 25, featuring Mr. R. G. LeTourneau, Dr. Robert M. Parr, Dr. Walter L. Wilson, Rev. Fred Kendal and J. Stratton Shufelt. That will be followed by one in Kansas City, Missouri, April 29 through May 3, when the leaders will be Dr. Merv Rosell, Dr. Robert M. Parr, Rev. Darrell Handel and Darrell Freleigh. Mr. Horace F. Dean, president of Christ for America, will moderate each session of both seminars and he promises daily discussions allowing audience participation. No tuition charge is made and all believers interested in soul-winning are invited to attend.

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## The Dynamite of a Vision

(Continued from page 8)

you remain in this country, will be missionary-minded through all of your days, and you will pray and give.

Our churches need to think more of missions. Perhaps the reason for the lack of vision in many churches is that knowledge has not been given to the people—knowledge of the condemnation of souls out of Christ; knowledge of the Great Commission given unto all believers. As a church, may we think seriously and long upon this matter. May the world map be stamped upon our hearts and minds until we hear the cry of those who are going down into an eternal Hell without Christ.

Get a vision of Christ. Now, get alongside of the Lord a vision of perishing souls.

### III. A Vision of Eternity

I repeat, a vision is seeing the unseen. Visions are built on knowledge, in whole or in part.

The Word of God tells us that the soul is eternal. The Bible tells us that Heaven is eternal, and Hell is eternal.

We need a vision of Heaven, that place where sorrow and tears will never come, that blessed place where death cannot enter.

Song writers have caught a vision of Heaven, and as a consequence, some of the most beautiful songs in our book are about Heaven. S. F. Bennett wrote:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,

And by faith we can see it afar;  
For the Father waits over the way,

To prepare us a dwelling place there.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,

The melodious songs of the blest,

And our spirits shall sorrow no more,

Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

"To our bountiful Father above,  
We shall offer a tribute of praise,

For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days."

Let the thought of Heaven warm your own heart. If you are tired of this rugged road, then remember it's just a little while until Heaven. Think upon Heaven. Get a vision of Heaven until the things of earth will grow strangely dim, in the light of His glory and grace.

But not only a vision of Heaven is needed, but we need a vision of Hell. It is this that Jesus tried to give in the story of the rich man and Lazarus. Both men died, and the Son of God drew back

the curtain and said, "Look." The beggar was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man dropped into the pit of Hell.

"And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

Christ is telling us to get a vision of souls. He wants us to see the endless condition of those who die without Christ. Suffering, suffering forever and forever! No release, no hope, no relief. It is such a vision which will blast us out of our indifference. It will chase our lethargy. It will drive away carelessness. It will cure us of stinginess.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

Without a vision of Hell, souls will perish forever.

Paul believed this, for he said, "The wages of sin is death." Paul knew the awfulness of Hell, for he said, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

John was given a vision of Hell, for he said, "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." He had a picture of Hell and its inhabitants when he said, "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

May a vision of a burning Hell be dynamite to change our thinking, our living, our giving.

Did Christ have a vision of Hell? Yes, and in the great love

## Christ's Boundless Compassion

(Continued from page 1)

compassion. I would draw another painting of that man coming to Him full of leprosy, full of it from head to foot. There he was, banished from his home, banished from his friends, and he came to Jesus with his sad and miserable story. And now, my friends, let us

**Make the Bible Stories Real,** for that is what they are.

Think of that man. Think how much he had suffered. I don't know how many years he had been away from his wife and children and home; but there he was. He had put on a strange and particular garb, so that anybody coming near him might know that he was unclean. When he saw anyone approaching him, he had to raise the warning cry, "Unclean! unclean! unclean!" Aye, and if the wife of his bosom were to come out to tell him that a beloved child was sick and dying, he durst not come near her; he was obliged

verse of the Bible, He expresses the danger of Hell. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ saw souls perishing for eternity. In love He points the way to life everlasting.

May you, sinner friend, catch a vision of Hell today and flee to the arms of Christ. May you, Christian friend, get a vision of eternal torment and become a zealous soul winner and witness for the Master. May you, half-hearted, indifferent, stumbling Christian, get a vision of Hell so that your life may be changed into a bright and shining light for our Saviour.

There is dynamite in a vision: Today get a vision of Christ, a vision of perishing souls, and a vision of eternity.

(From the book, **IT'S DYNAMITE!**, twelve sermons by Dr. Lee Roberson. Order from your book dealer, or from the Sword of the Lord Publishers, 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Ill. Price, \$1.50 plus 15c for postage and handling.)

## Black Rock

(Continued from page 8)

"All right. I suppose I must, but it is an awful bore that a man can't have a quiet smoke."

"You're not half a bad fellow," he replied, smiling. "I shall get the ladies to furnish coffee inside the booth. You furnish them intellectual nourishment in front with dear old Punch and Judy."

He sent a boy with a bell round the village announcing, "Punch and Judy in front of the Christmas booth beside the church;" and for three-quarters of an hour I shrieked and sweated in that awful little pen. But it was almost worth it to hear the shouts of approval and laughter that greeted my performance. It was cold work standing about, so that the crowd was quite ready to respond when Punch, after being duly hanged, came forward and invited all into the booth for the hot coffee which Judy had ordered.

In they trooped, and Quatre Bras was won.

No sooner were the miners safely engaged with their coffee than I heard a great noise of bells and of men shouting, and on reaching the street I saw that the men from the lumber camp were coming in. Two immense sleighs, decorated with ribbons and spruce boughs, each drawn by a four-horse team gaily adorned, filled with some fifty men, singing and shouting with all their might, were coming down the road at a full gallop. Round the corner they swung, dashed at full speed across the bridge and down the street, and pulled up after they had made the circuit of a block, to the great admiration of the on-lookers. Among others Slavin sauntered up good-naturedly, making himself agreeable to Sandy and those who were helping to unhitch his team.

"Oh, you need not take trouble with me or my team, Mike Slavin. Batches and me and the boys can look after them fine," said Sandy coolly.

This rejecting of hospitality was perfectly understood by Slavin and by all.

"Dat's too bad, heh?" said Baptiste wickedly; "and Sandy, he's got good money on his pocket for sure, too."

The boys laughed, and Slavin, joining in, turned away with Keefe and Blaney; but by the look in his eye I knew he was playing "Br'er Rabbit" and lying low.

Mr. Craig just then came up.

"Hello, boys! Too late for Punch and Judy, but just in time for hot coffee and doughnuts."

"Bon, Dat's fuss rate," said Baptiste heartily. "Where you keep him?"

"Up in the tent next the church there. The miners are all in."

"Ah, dat so? Dat's bad news for the shanty-men, heh, Sandy?" said the little Frenchman dolefully.

"There was a clothesbasket full of doughnuts and a boiler of coffee left as I passed just now," said Craig encouragingly.

"Allons, mes garçons. Vite! Never say keel!" cried Baptiste excitedly stripping off the harness.

But Sandy would not leave the horses till they were carefully rubbed down, blanketed, and fed, for he was entered for the four-horse race and it behooved him to do his best to win. Besides, he

(Continued on page 10)

to fly. He might hear her voice at a distance, but he could not be there to see his child in its last dying moments. He was, as it were, in a living sepulchre; it was worse than death! There he was, dying by inches, an outcast from everybody and everything, and not a hand put out to relieve him. Oh, what a terrible life!

Then think of his coming to Christ, and when Christ saw him, the Bible says He was moved with compassion. He had a heart that beat in sympathy with the poor leper; He had compassion on him. The man came to Him and said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean!"

He knew there was no one to do it but the Son of God Himself.

The great heart of Christ was moved with compassion toward him. Hear the gracious words that fell from His lips—

"I will; be thou clean!"

The leprosy fled, and the man was made whole immediately.

Look at him now on his way back home to his wife and children and friends! No longer an outcast, no longer a loathsome thing, no longer cursed with that terrible leprosy disease, but going back to his friends rejoicing.

Now, my friends, you may say you pity a man who was that bad off, but did it ever strike you that you are a thousand times worse off? The leprosy of the soul is far worse than the leprosy of the body. I would rather a thousand times have my body full of leprosy than go down to hell with my soul full of sin. A good deal better that this right hand of mine were lopped off, that this right foot should decay, and that I should go halt and lame and blind all the days of my life, than be banished from God by the leprosy of sin. Hear the wailing and the agony and the woe caused by sin going up from this earth!

If there is one poor sin-sick soul filled with leprosy here to-night, if you come to Christ He will have compassion on you, and say, as He did to that man,

"I will; be thou clean!"

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"I will; be thou clean."

### The Dead Raised

Well, now we come to the next picture that represents Him as moved with compassion.

Look into that little home at Nain. There is a poor widow sitting there. Perhaps a few months before she had buried her husband, but she has an only son left. How she dotes upon him! She looks to him to be her stay and her support and friend in her old age. She loves him far better than her own life-blood. But see, at last sickness enters the dwelling, and death comes with it and lays his ice-cold hand upon the young man. You can see that widowed mother watching over him day and night; but at last those eyes are closed, and that loved voice is hushed, she thinks, forever. She will never see or hear him more after he is buried out of her sight.

And so the hour comes for his burial. Many of you have been in the house of mourning and have been with your friends when they have gone to the grave and looked at the loved one for the last time. There is not one here, I dare say, who has not lost some beloved one. I never went to a funeral and saw a mother take the last look

(Continued on page 10)

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# Christ's Boundless Compassion

(Continued from page 9)

at her child but it has pierced my heart, and I could not keep back the tears at such a sight.

Well, the mother kisses her only son on that poor, icy forehead. It is her last kiss, her last look; and the body is covered up, and they put him on the bier and start for the place of burial. She had a great many friends. The little town of Nain was moved at the sight of the widow's only son being borne away.

I see that great crowd as they come pushing out of the gates. Over yonder are thirteen men, weary, and dusty, and tired, and they have to stand by the wayside to let this great crowd pass by. The Son of God is in this group, and the others with Him are His disciples.

He looked upon that scene, and saw the mother with her broken heart; He saw it bleeding, crushed, and wounded, and it touched His heart. Yes, the great heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, and He came up and touched the bier, and said,

"Young Man, Arise!"

and the young man sat up.

I can see the multitude startled and astonished. I can see the widowed mother going back home rejoicing, with the morning rays of the resurrection shining in her heart. Yes, He had compassion on her indeed! And there is not a widow in this hall but Christ's voice will respond to your troubles and give you peace. Oh, dear friends, let me say to you whose hearts are aching, you need a friend like Jesus! He is just the Friend the widow needs. He is just the Friend every poor bleeding heart needs. He will have compassion on you, and will bind up your wounded, bleeding heart if you will only come to Him just as you are. He will receive you, without upbraiding or chastising, to His loving bosom, and say, "Peace, be still," and you can walk in the unclouded sunlight of His love from this night. Christ will be worth more to you than all the world besides. He is just the Friend that all of you need; and I pray God you may every one of you know Him from this hour as your Saviour and Friend.

## The Man Who Was Robbed

The next picture which I shall show you to illustrate Christ's compassion is of the man that was going down to Jericho and fell among thieves.

They had taken away his coat. They took his money, and stripped him, and left him half dead. Imagine him wounded, bleeding, dying! And then a priest came along and he looked upon the scene. His heart might have been touched, but he was not moved with compassion enough to help the poor man. He might have said, "Poor fellow!" but he passed by on the other side.

After him came down a Levite, and perhaps he said, "Poor man!" but he was not moved with compassion to help him.

Ah, there are a good many like that priest and Levite! Perhaps some of you coming down to this hall meet a drunkard reeling in the street, and just say, "Poor fellow!" or it may be you laugh because he stammers out some foolish thing. We are very much unlike the Son of God.

At last a Samaritan came down that way, and he looked on the man and had compassion on him! He got off his beast, took oil and poured it into the man's wounds, bound them up, took him out of the ditch, helpless as he was, placed him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him!

That Good Samaritan represents your Christ and mine. He came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost.

Young man, have you come to the city, and fallen in with bad companions? Have they taken you to theaters and places of vice, and left you bleeding and wounded? Oh, come to-night to the Son of God, and He will have compassion on you, and take you off from the dunghill, and transform you, and lift you up into His kingdom, into the heights of His glory, if you will only let Him! I do not care who you are. I do not care what your past life may have been. He said to the poor woman caught in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." He had compassion on her, and He will have compassion on you.

That man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho represents thousands in our large cities, and that good Samaritan represents the Son of God. Young man, Jesus Christ has set His heart on saving you! Will you receive His love and compassion? Do not have such hard thoughts about the Son of God. Do not think He has come to condemn you. He has come to save you.

## An Ungrateful Wretch

But I should like to draw you another picture—that young man going away from his home that we read of in the 15th chapter of Luke; an ungrateful man, as ungrateful a wretch as ever one saw. He cannot wait for his inheritance till his father is dead, he wants his share at once, and so he says to his father,

"Give me the goods that belong to me."

His good old father gives him the goods, and away he goes.

I can see him as he starts on his journey, full of pride, boastful and arrogant, going out to see life, off in grand style to some foreign country—say, going down to London. How many have gone to London, that being the far country to them, squandering all their money!

Yes, he is a popular young man as long as he has money. His friends last as long as his money lasts. A very popular young man, "hail-fellow-well-met" greets him everywhere. He always pays the liquor bill and for the cigars. Yes, he has plenty of friends! What grand folly!

But when his money was gone, where were his friends? Oh, you that serve the devil, you have a hard master! When the prodigal's money was all gone, of course they laughed at him and called him a fool; and so he was.

What a blind, misguided young man he was! Just see what he lost. He lost his father's home, his table and food, and testimony, and every comfort. He lost his work, except when he got down there while feeding swine. He was in an unlawful business. And that's just what the backslider is doing; he is

## In the Devil's Pay

You are losing time and testimony. No one has any confidence (Continued on page 11)

# Black Rock

(Continued from page 9)

scorned to hurry himself for anything so unimportant as eating; that he considered hardly worthy even of Baptiste. Mr. Craig managed to get a word with him before he went off, and I saw Sandy solemnly and emphatically shake his head saying, "Ah, we'll beat him this day," and I gathered that he was added to the vigilance committee.

Old man Nelson was busy with his own team. He turned slowly at Mr. Craig's greeting, "How is it, Nelson?" and it was with a very grave voice he answered: "I hardly know, sir; but I am not gone yet, though it seems little to hold to."

"All you want for a grip is what your hand can cover. What would you have? And besides, do you know why you are not gone yet?"

The old man waited, looking at the minister gravely.

"Because He hasn't let go His grip of you."

"How do you know He's gripped me?"

"Now, look here, Nelson, do you want to quit this thing and give it all up?"

"No! no! For Heaven's sake, no! Why, do you think I have lost it?" said Nelson, almost piteously.

"Well, He's keener about it than you; and I'll bet you haven't thought it worth while to thank Him."

"To thank Him," he repeated, almost stupidly, "for ———"

"For keeping you where you are overnight," said Mr. Craig, almost sternly.

The old man gazed at the minister, a light growing in his eyes. "You're right. Thank God, you're right."

And then he turned quickly away and went into the stable behind his team. It was a minute before he came out. Over his face was a trembling joy.

"Can I do anything for you today?" he asked humbly.

"Indeed you just can," said the minister, taking his hand and shaking it very warmly; and then he told him Slavin's program and ours.

"Sandy is all right till after his race. After that is his time of danger," said the minister.

"I'll stay with him, sir," said old Nelson, in the tone of a man taking a covenant, and immediately set off for the coffee tent.

"Here comes another recruit for your corps," I said, pointing to Leslie Graeme, who was coming down the street at that moment in his light sleigh.

"I am not so sure. Do you think you could get him?"

I laughed.

"You are a good one."

"Well," he replied half defiantly, "is not this your fight too?"

"You make me think so, though I am bound to say I hardly recognize myself today. But here goes," and before I knew it I was describing our plans to Graeme, growing more and more enthusiastic as he sat in his sleigh, listening with a quizzical smile I didn't quite like.

"He's got you too," he said. "I feared so."

"Well," I laughed, "perhaps so. But I want to lick that man Slavin. I've just seen him, and he's just what Craig calls him, 'a slick son of the devil.' Don't be shocked; he says it is Scripture."

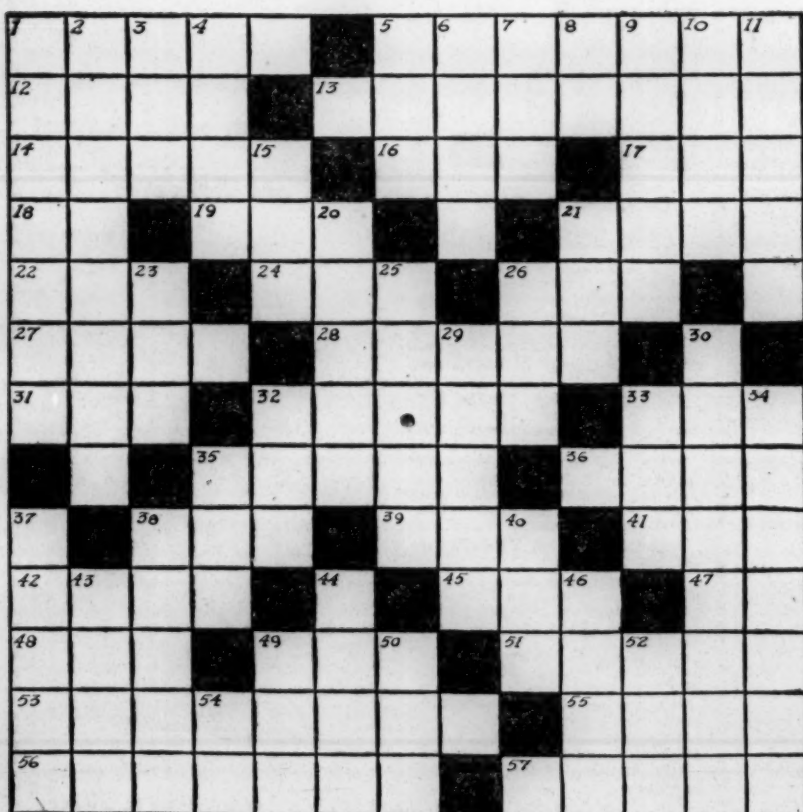
"Revised version," said Graeme gravely, while Craig looked a little abashed.

"What is assigned me, Mr. Craig? for I know that this man is simply your agent."

(Continued on page 11)

# "We Learn While We Play!"

By Aunt Jessie



That's what lots of you are saying about the crossword puzzles. "I am getting better acquainted with my Bible as a result of working out each of the . . . puzzles . . ." said one lady. Another wrote us, "They are a great help to me as a Sunday School teacher." One whole family of seven works them out together each week and they find the project interesting and profitable.

As the prize this week for those of you who complete Puzzle No. 20 correctly, we are offering the 24-page booklet, *Sunday or Sabbath—Which Should Christians Observe?* by Editor John R. Rice. This is a Bible answer to Seventh Day Adventists, proving that the Sabbath was a part of the Mosaic Law and is never once commanded in the New Testament; shows that Sunday, the Lord's day, pictures salvation by grace. Get this book to make sure YOU are informed as to what the Bible teaches.

To win this booklet: 1. Fill in the empty blanks according to the clues given. *Answers must be correct and complete.*

2. Print (not write) your own name and address in the blank below the puzzle and mail to: Aunt Jessie, PUZZLE EDITOR, The Sword of the Lord, Wheaton, Illinois. We cannot return entries. If you do not wish to cut up your copy of THE SWORD OF THE LORD, you may print your answers on another piece of paper or a postcard.

3. To receive the booklet, *Sunday or Sabbath*, your entry must be postmarked by midnight, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1956. The Answer to Puzzle No. 20 will appear in the May 4 issue of THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

## PUZZLE NUMBER 20

### CLEWS ACROSS

- The boy king
- Son of David; writer of 1005 songs and 3000 proverbs
- Poem
- City on the island of Lesbos
- Heart. (Ps. 35:13)
- Father of Saul. (Acts 13:21)
- Chief
- Natural power, producing hypnotism
- Place where David ate hallowed bread. (I Sam. 21:1)
- Side of a bird's head
- Stick. Aaron's budding.
- Lamb's cry
- Possesses
- Country east of the Aegean Sea
- Enticed
- A Bible measure for liquids (about a gallon)
- Sarah's Egyptian maid
- An idol
- Father of Agur. (Prov. 30:1)
- Atom
- Abram's nephew, who started with him from Ur, to go to Canaan
- The son of Hezron, an ancestor of David (I Chron. 2)
- A cliff on the west shore of the Dead Sea (II Chron. 20:16)
- The land where Moses died
- A brother of Huz, nephew of Abraham
- Hard, tough, white metal (Abbr.)
- Flow back
- To God (Latin)
- Another name for Mt. Hermon or Mt. Sion (I Chron. 5:23)
- Seaport in Thrace visited by Paul and Silas
- Era of Confucius
- Pertaining to a synod
- Front of the leg below the knee (pl.)

### CLEWS DOWN

- A prophetess who lived under a tree; she sang a magnificent song. (Judges 4:5)
- The result in a conditional sentence
- Force (Lat.)
- Image
- Thus
- Auricular
- Fleur-de-lis
- Suffix meaning oil
- One of the seven princes of Persia and Media. (Est. 1:14)
- A son of Shuah and Judah.

- (Gen. 38:4)
- King Jeroboam's father. (I Ki. 11:26)
- Rabble
- The son of Zippor, king of the Moabites; he asked Balaam to curse his enemy. (Num. 22:4)
- Son of Leah and Jacob, whose name means "A troop"
- Noise
- Carpenter's tool
- Pronoun
- The harlot who received the messengers and sent them out another way. (Josh. 2:1)
- Formal written request
- Head covering
- Pseudonym of Charles Dickens
- A young man of Bethany, whom Jesus loved
- A patriarch who met many calamities, but still held to his faith in God
- Acts or words of conclusion
- Rebekah's brother
- A genus of rodents, including rats and mice
- Execute commands of
- Another name for Zoar, on the Dead Sea (Gen. 2:14)
- Book of the Old Testament, which contains a series of eight wonderful visions (Abbr.)
- The cat-tail
- Manna, tasted like this substance (Num. 11:8)
- New Hampshire Institute (Abbr.)
- A river in Italy

## Answer to Puzzle Number 18

XVII



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Christ's Boundless Compassion

(Continued from page 10)

in a backslider, for even the world despises such a character.

This young man lost his testimony. Look at him among the swine! Someone in that far country comes along, and, beholding him, says,

"Look at that miserable, wretched, dirty, barefooted fellow taking care of swine!"

"Ah," says the prodigal, "don't talk to me like that. Why, my father's a rich man, and his servants better dressed than you are."

"Don't tell me that!" says the other; "if you had such a father as that, I know very well he wouldn't own you."

No one would believe him. No one believes a backslider. Let him talk about his enjoyment with God, nobody believes it. Oh, poor backslider, I pity you! You had better

### Come Home Again

Well, at last the poor prodigal comes to himself, and says, "I will arise and go to my father," and now he starts for home. Look at him as he goes along, pale and hungry, with his head down! His strength is exhausted; perhaps he is diseased in his frame, and so

shattered that no one would know him but his father. But love is keen to detect its object. The old man has often been longing for his return.

I can see him many a night up on the house-top looking out to catch a glimpse of him. Many a long night he has wrestled in prayer with God that his prodigal son might come back. Everything he had heard from that far country told him his boy was going to ruin as fast as he could go. The old man spent much time in prayer for him. At last faith begins to arise, and he says,

"I believe God will send back my boy."

One day the old man sees afar off the long-lost boy. He does not know him by his dress, but he detects his gait, and he says to himself,

"Yes, that's my boy!"

I see him pass down the stairs—he rushes along the highway—he is running! Ah! that is just like God. Many a time in the Bible God is represented as running; He is in great haste to meet the backslider. Yes, the old man is running; he sees his son afar off, and he has compassion on him.

The boy wanted to tell him his story, what he had done, and where he had been; but the old man could not wait to hear him; his heart was filled with compassion, and he took him to his loving bosom. The boy wanted to go down into the kitchen with the servants, but the old man would not let him. No, but he bade the servants put shoes on his feet, and a ring on his finger, and kill the fatted calf, and make merry. The prodigal had come home, the wanderer had returned, and the old man rejoiced over his return.

Oh, backslider, come home, and there will be joy in your heart and in the heart of God. May God bring the backsliders back to-night—this very hour! Say as the poor prodigal did, "I will arise and go to my father," and on the authority of God I tell you God will receive you. He will blot out your sins, and restore you to His love; and you shall walk again in the light of His reconciled countenance.

### Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem

But look again. Jesus comes to Mount Olivet. He is under the shadow of the cross. The city bursts upon Him. Yonder is the temple. He sees it in all its grandeur and glory. The people are shouting, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" They are breaking off palm branches, and taking off their garments, and spreading them before Him, still shouting, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and bowing down before Him. But He forgets it all. Yes, even Cal-

vary with all its sorrow He forgets. Gethsemane lay there at the foot of the hill; He forgets it too. As He looks upon the city which He loves, the great heart of the Son of God is moved with compassion, and He cries aloud,

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

My friends, look at Him there weeping over Jerusalem! What a wonderful city it might have been! How exalted to heaven it was! Oh, if they had only known the day of their visitation, and had received instead of rejected their King, what a blessing He would have been to them! Oh, poor backslider, behold the Lamb of God weeping over you, and crying to you to come to Him and receive shelter and refuge from the storm which has yet to sweep over this earth!

### Peter's Denial

Now look at poor Peter. He denied the Lord, and swore he never knew Him. If ever Jesus needed sympathy, if ever He needed His disciples round Him, it was that night when they were bringing false witnesses against Him, that He might be condemned to death; and there was Peter, one of His foremost disciples, swearing he never knew Him. He might have turned on Peter and said,

"Peter, is it true you don't know Me? Is it true you have forgotten how I cured and healed your wife's mother when she lay at the point of death? Is it true you have forgotten how I caught you up when you were sinking in the sea? Is it true, Peter, you have forgotten how you were with Me on the mount of transfiguration, when heaven and earth came together, and you heard God's voice speaking from the clouds? Is it true you have forgotten that mountain scene when you wanted to build the three tabernacles? Is it true, Peter, you have forgotten Me?"

Yes, thus He might have taunted poor Peter; but instead of that He just gave him one look of compassion that broke his heart, and Peter went out and wept bitterly.

### The Persecuting Saul

Again, look at that bold blasphemer and persecutor who is going to stamp out the Early Church, and is breathing out threatenings and slaughter, when Christ meets him on his way to Damascus. It is the same Jesus still. Listen, and hear what He says—

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

He could have smitten him to the earth with a look or a breath; but instead of that, the heart of the Son of God is moved with compassion, and He cries out,

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

If there is a persecutor here to-night, I would ask you, "Why persecute Jesus?" He loves you, sinner; He loves you, persecutor! You never received anything but goodness and kindness and love from Him.

Saul cried out, "Who art thou?"

And He answered, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. It is hard to fight against such a loving friend, to contend against one who loves you as I do."

Down went the proud, persecuting Saul upon his face, and he cried out,

"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

And the Lord told him, and he went and did it.

May the Lord have compassion upon the infidel, and skeptic, and persecutor here! Let me ask you, my friend, is there any reason why you should hate Christ, or why your heart should be turned against Him?

### "Why Don't You Love Jesus?"

I remember a story about a teacher telling her scholars all to follow Jesus, and how they might all be missionaries, and go out to work for others. One day one of the smallest came to her, and said, "I asked such and such a one to come with me, and she said she would like to come, but her

(Continued on page 12)

## Black Rock

(Continued from page 10)

I repudiated the idea, while Mr. Craig said nothing.

"What's my part?" demanded Graeme.

"Well," said Mr. Craig hesitatingly, "of course I would do nothing till I had consulted you; but I want a man to take my place at the sports. I am referee."

"That's all right," said Graeme, with an air of relief. "I expected something hard."

"And then I thought you would not mind presiding at dinner—I want it to go off well."

"Did you notice that?" said Graeme to me. "Not a bad touch, eh?"

"That's nothing to the way he touched me. Wait and learn," I answered, while Craig looked quite distressed. "He'll do it, Mr. Craig, never fear," I said, "and any other little duty that may occur to you."

"Now, that's too bad of you. That is all I want, honor bright," he replied; adding as he turned away: "You are just in time for a cup of coffee, Mr. Graeme. Now I must see Mrs. Mavor."

"Who is Mrs. Mavor?" I demanded of Graeme.

"Mrs. Mavor? The miners' guardian angel."

We put up the horses and set off for the coffee. As we approached the booth Graeme caught sight of the Punch-and-Judy show, stood still in amazement, and exclaimed: "Can the dead live?"

"Punch and Judy never die," I replied solemnly.

"But the old manipulator is dead enough, poor old beggar!"

"But he left his mantle, as you see."

He looked at me a moment.

"What! Do you mean you—"

"Yes, that is exactly what I do mean."

"He is a great man, that Craig fellow—a truly great man."

And then he leaned up against a tree and laughed till the tears came. "I say, old boy, don't mind me," he gasped, "but do you remember the old 'varsity show'?"

"Yes, you villain; and I remember your part in it. I wonder how you can, even at this remote date, laugh at it."

For I had a vivid recollection of how, after a "chaste and high artistic performance of this medieval play" had been given before a distinguished Toronto audience, the trap-door by which I had entered my box was fastened, and I was left to swelter in my cage and forced to listen to the suffocated laughter from the wings and the stage whispers of "Hello, Mr. Punch, where's the baby?" And for many a day after I was subjected to anxious inquiries as to the locality and health of "the baby," and whether it was able to be out.

"Oh, the dear old days!" he kept saying, over and over in a tone so full of sadness that my heart grew sore for him and I forgave him, as many a time before.

The sports passed off in typical Western style. In addition to the usual running and leaping contests, there was rifle and pistol shooting, in both of which old Nelson stood first, with Shaw, foreman of the mines, second.

The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long, rangy roans, and for leaders a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above, and at the further end curved somewhat sharply round the old fort. The only condition attaching to the race was that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of drivers quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the old fort and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long log bridge or causeway.

From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted toques of the same colors. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words, "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank, up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds till they gained the top of the slope, to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight

(Continued on page 12)

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## Christ's Boundless Compassion

(Continued from page 11)

father was an infidel."

The young child wanted to know what an infidel was, and the teacher went on to explain it to her.

One day, when she was on her way to school, this infidel was coming out of the post office with his letters in his hand, when the child ran up to him and said,

"Why don't you love Jesus?"

He thought at first to push her aside, but the child pressed it home again—

"Why don't you love Jesus?"

If it had been a man, the infidel would have resented it; but he did not know what to do with the child. With tears in her eyes she asked him again,

"Oh! please, tell me, why don't you love Jesus?"

He went on to his office but he felt as if every letter he opened read, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He attempted to write, with the same result; every letter seemed to ask him, "Why don't you love Jesus?" He threw down his pen in despair, and went out of his office, but he could not get rid of the question; it was asked by a still small voice within. As he walked along it seemed as if the very ground and the very heavens whispered to him, "Why don't you love Jesus?"

At last he went home, and there it seemed as if his own children asked him the question, so he said to his wife, "I will go to bed early to-night," thinking to sleep it away; but when he laid his head on the pillow it seemed as if the pillow whispered it to him. So he got up about midnight, and said,

"I can find out where Christ contradicts Himself, and I'll search it out and prove Him a liar."

Well, he got up, and turned to the Gospel of John, and read on from the beginning until he came to the words,

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"What love!" he thought; and at last the old infidel's heart was stirred. He could find no reason for not loving Jesus, and down he went on his knees and prayed, and before the sun rose he was in the kingdom of God.

I will challenge anyone on the face of the earth to find any rea-

son for not loving Christ. It is only here on earth men think they have a reason for not doing so. In heaven they know Him, and they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Oh, sinner, if you knew Him you would have no wish to find a reason for not loving Him! He is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

### A Question

I can imagine someone saying, "I should like very much to become a Christian, and I should like to know how I can come to Him, and be saved."

Come to Him as a personal friend. For years I have made this a rule. Christ is just as habitually near, as personally present to me as any other person living; and when I have any troubles, trials and afflictions, I go to Him with them. When I want counsel I go to Him, just as if I could talk face to face with Him. Twenty years ago God met me and took me to His bosom; and I would sooner give up my life to-night than give up Christ; or that I should leave Him, or that He should leave me, and that I should have no one to bear my burdens or tell my sorrows to. He is worth more than all the world beside. And to-night He will have compassion upon you as He had upon me. I tried for weeks to find a way to Him, and I just went and laid my burden upon Him, and then He revealed Himself to me, and I have ever since found Him a true and sympathizing Friend, just the Friend you need. Go right straight to Him! You need not go to this man or that man, to this church or that church. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," said Jesus.

Let me tell you, Christ's heart is more full of compassion than any man's. You are condemned to die for your sins; but if you go to Him He will say, "Loose him, and let him go." He will rebuke

Satan. Go to Him and tell Him all. Keep nothing from Him, and He will say, "Go in peace."

### The Touch of Compassion

Did you ever feel the touch of the hand of Jesus? If so, you will know it again, for there is love in it.

There is a story told in connection with our war, of a mother who received a dispatch that her boy was mortally wounded. She went down to the front, as she knew that those soldiers told to watch the sick and wounded could not watch her boy as she would. So she went to the doctor, and said,

"Would you like me to take care of my boy?"

The doctor said, "We have just let him go to sleep, and if you go to him the surprise will be so great it might be dangerous to him. He is in a very critical state. I will break the news to him gradually."

"But," said the mother, "he may never wake up. I should so dearly like to see him."

Finally the doctor said, "You can see him, but if you wake him up and he dies, it will be your fault."

"Well," she said, "I will not wake him up if I may only go to his dying cot and see him."

She went to the side of the cot. Her eyes had longed to see him. As she gazed upon him she could not keep her hand off that pallid forehead, and she laid it gently there. There was love and sympathy in that hand, and the moment the slumbering boy felt it, he said,

"Oh, mother, have you come?"

He knew there was sympathy and affection in the touch of that hand. And if you, O sinner, will let Jesus reach out His hand and touch your heart, you too will find there is sympathy and love in it. That every lost soul here may be saved and come to the arms of our blessed Saviour is the prayer of my heart!

(From THE WAY HOME, Moody Colportage Library—Six sermons 35c at book stores).

## Hollywood Does It Again

(Continued from page 6)

such things glamorized by Jack Lemmon as smutty language and seducing women with liquor? If not, your only hope lies in making absolutely certain that they do not watch Hollywood films either at the local theater or in your living room!

God has given His children some mighty sound and straight advice in the 5th chapter of Ephesians. In verses 3 through 5 He says, "But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints: Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks. For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any

inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." It takes no stretch of the imagination to see here a description of Hollywood movies like those announced as the "BEST" of 1955.

He goes on to say in verses 7 through 17:

"Be not ye therefore partakers with them. For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light: (For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth;) Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret. But all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light. Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."

It would be difficult indeed to condone movie-going in the light of this plain exhortation from God to separate from darkness and walk in the light of purity.

If you would like absolute proof of Hollywood's complete corruption, I suggest you get my big 284-page book, *Hollywood Cesspool*. Divided into four sections, it shows the rottenness of the people behind the movies, the movies themselves, the results of the movies and gives the Bible teaching about what Christians should do in regard to movies. A detailed index shows where information can be found in the book about over 400 leading Hollywood personalities. Right now you can buy this book for only \$2.50, but after June 1 the price will be \$3.00. Get it at your local Christian book store or order it direct, adding 15c for postage and handling, from the Sword of the Lord Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois.

## Black Rock

(Continued from page 11)

and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost for a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, came the lighter and fleet citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and with a quick swing faces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring coarse to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth and is partially closed up by a brush-heap at the further end. But with a yell Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! Vite! vite!" cries the driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush-heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and with a crash the sleigh is hurled high in the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush-heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh-lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and taking the bits in their teeth they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his toque with the other, whirls it about his head, and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like the bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own lengths.

There was a wild quarter of an hour. The shantymen had torn off their coats and were waving them wildly and tossing them high, while the ranchers added to the uproar by emptying their revolvers into the air in a way that made one nervous.

When the crowd was somewhat quieted Sandy's stiff figure appeared, slowly making toward them. A dozen lumbermen ran to him, eagerly inquiring if he were hurt. But Sandy could only curse the little Frenchman for losing the race.

"Lost! Why, man, we've won it!" shouted a voice, at which Sandy's rage vanished, and he allowed himself to be carried in upon the shoulders of his admirers.

"Where's the lad?" was his first question.

"The bronchos are off with him. He's down at the rapids like enough."

"Let me go!" shouted Sandy, setting off at a run in the track of the sleigh. He had not gone far before he met Baptiste coming back with his team foaming, the roans going quietly, but the bronchos dancing and eager to be at it again.

"Voila! Bully boy! Tank the bon Dieu, Sandy, You not keel, heh? Ah! you are one grand chevalier," exclaimed Baptiste, hauling Sandy in and thrusting the lines into his hands. And so they came back, the sleigh box still dragging behind, the pintos executing fantastic figures on their hind-legs, and Sandy holding them down. The little Frenchman struck a dramatic attitude and called out:

"Voila! What's the matter wiz Sandy, heh?"

The roar that answered set the bronchos off again plunging and kicking, and only when Baptiste got them by the heads could they be induced to stand long enough to allow Sandy to be proclaimed winner of the race. Several of the lumbermen sprang into the sleigh box with Sandy and Baptiste, among them Keefe, followed by Nelson, and the first part of the great day was over. Slavin could not understand the new order of things. That a great event like the four-horse race should not be followed by "drinks all around" was to him at once disgusting and incomprehensible; and realizing his defeat for the moment, he fell into the crowd and disappeared. But he left behind him his "runners." He had not yet thrown up the game.

Mr. Craig meantime came to me, and looking anxiously after Sandy in his sleigh, with his frantic crowd of yelling admirers, said in a gloomy voice:

"Poor Sandy! He is easily caught, and Keefe has the devil's cunning."

"He won't touch Slavin's whisky today," I answered confidently. "There'll be twenty bottles waiting him in the stable," he replied bitterly, "and I can't go following him up. He won't stand that—no man would. God help us all."

I could hardly recognize myself, for I found in my heart an earnest echo to that prayer as I watched him go toward the crowd again, his face set in strong determination. He looked like the captain of a forlorn hope, and I was proud to be following him.

(Continued next week)

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